

SCREENLAND

from HOLLYWOOD

Myron Zobel
publisher

May
25 Cents



POLA NEGRI

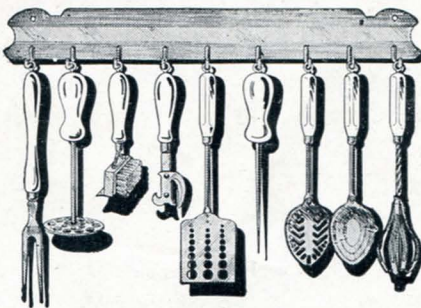
DO JEWS CONTROL THE MOVIES ?



"Guaranteed for Life"

FREE 10-Piece White Enameled Kitchen Set

Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Complete Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also cooker set of 5 pieces—makes 11 separate utensil combinations: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.



No Money Down

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only \$2.00 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the

Kitchen Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days, on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE

10-Piece Kitchen Set

Not a penny to pay for this set. You get it absolutely free with Aluminum Set.

Potato Masher
Mixing Spoon
Measuring Spoon
Ice Pick
Egg and Cream
Boater
Can Opener
Vegetable and Pan
Brush
Fork
Egg and Cake Turner
Wall Rack

All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack—keeping them conveniently at hand.

Complete 32-Pc. Aluminum Set and FREE Kitchen Set

This is Hartman's famous special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. Just read the list above. You want and need everything there. Your kitchen is not complete without them. You really can't appreciate this splendid set until you see and use it. Then you will realize what a wonderful bargain it is. And without a penny's cost—absolutely free—you get a Combination Kitchen Set which gives you 10 utensils with white handles—all hung in a row—where you can reach them easily.

Nearly a Year to Pay

Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise, and this offer proves it. You pay only \$2.00 and postage on arrival (this on the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay at any time on the Kitchen Set). Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay.

Order by No. 417EMA7. Price for Aluminum Set, \$17.95. No money down. \$2.00 and postage on arrival. Balance \$2.00 Monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set is FREE.

Mail the Coupon

Don't hesitate. Send at once, while this offer holds good. Not a penny's risk. Order NOW, while you can get the Kitchen Set Free.

HARTMAN

Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 5459 CHICAGO

Copyright, 1923, by Hartman's, Chicago

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG and FREE GIFTS

This great 368-page book offers the world's greatest bargains in home furnishings, jewelry and farm machinery—all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial on everything.

Wonderful Gifts

Catalog explains how you can get Glassware, Lemonade Sets, Silverware, Tablecloths, Napkins, etc., free with purchases. Send for it today.

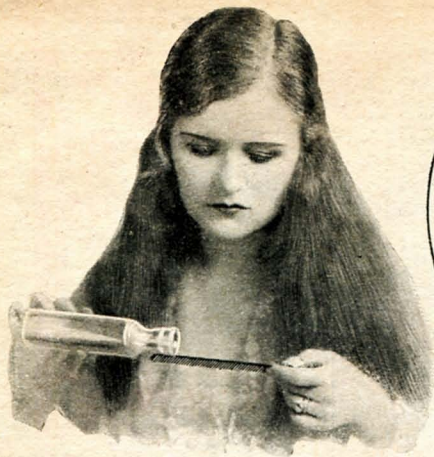
"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"



HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO. Dept. 5459 Chicago, Ill.

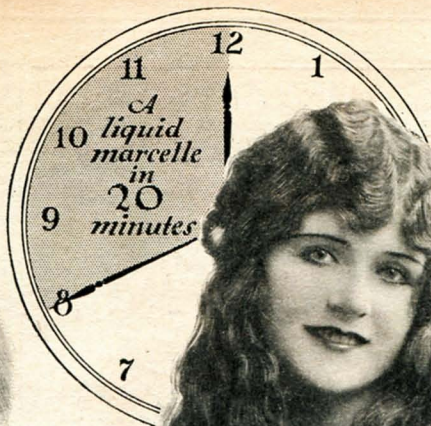
Send the 32-piece complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417EMA7 and 10-piece Kitchen Set. Will pay \$2 and postage on the Aluminum Set on arrival. Kitchen Set is free. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will ship both sets back. If I keep them, I will pay you \$2 monthly until the price of the Aluminum Set, \$17.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name.....
Occupation.....
R. F. D., Box No.
or Street and No.
Post Office..... State.....
If shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below.
Send shipment to.....



Just a few drops

combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes

your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.

Naturally Curly Hair in 20 Minutes with Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Delightful elixir of Spanish herbs makes any hair soft, lustrous and wavy—and keeps it so!

Mr. Ryerson's Personal Story of His New Discovery

NATURALLY curly hair—soft, wavy and lustrous! Is there anything more gloriously beautiful in all the charms of womanhood? Yet how few women—how sadly few—may claim this crowning glory!



Lovely Curls

Finally my perseverance has brought a reward greater than I had ever dared hope for. I have at last compounded a curling fluid which not only curls the straightest head of hair, but beautifies it, too. A marvelous hair and scalp tonic which increases the growth and "life" of the hair as it curls and waves it—adding new silkiness, new softness, new thickness and beauty.

It is a colorless fluid compounded from the purest herbs of Southern Spain—a delicate elixir which makes any head of hair naturally curly and wavy—a delightful hair balsam which, when combed into the hair or used with your favorite curlers or curling iron, creates the prettiest and most natural-looking marcelle you ever saw.

I have never known another liquid of

such magic potency. Even after a shampoo, when the hair is often stubbornly straight and unruly, it performs the miracle of making the hair behave—making it obey the commands of comb or curling iron—besides producing immediate and captivating curls, ringlets and water-waves.

No more necessity for resorting to the harsh and harmful baking process of waving the hair. This new product called "Liquid Marcelle"—sounds the doom of dangerous "permanent wave" methods. Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put up on your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

No matter whether your hair is long, short or bobbed; whether dry or oily; blonde or brunette, Liquid Marcelle will solve your curling and hair-dressing problems.



A Matchless Marcelle

The remarkable introductory offer I have made in the next column means not one cent of profit on our initial distribution of Liquid Marcelle. But once you try Liquid Marcelle, you will use it permanently. Which will make our sacrifice of immediate profit well worth while.

Free Distribution \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

RIGHT now, we are anxious to make friends for Liquid Marcelle as rapidly as possible in all parts of the country. So we have decided to distribute the first 10,000 bottles without one cent of profit. We have figured costs down to \$1.87, for preparing and compounding the herbs, bottling, packing and shipping the finished liquid. But this offer is open to only one member of any single family.

Send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon below. When the postman brings your Liquid Marcelle, pay him \$1.87 plus a few cents postage. The Century Guarantee insures your satisfaction. If you are not more than delighted with the results, return bottle and unused contents at end of a five-day trial and we will refund your money.



Wavy Bob

Wm Ryerson
Chief Chemist

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous
40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Dept. 113 Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle. I will pay postman \$1.87, plus a few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent to you postpaid.

Adolph Zukor presents

Pola Negri

in

Her First American Production

"Bella Donna"

by Robert Hichens

Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson

AT LAST—what fans in every town in America have been longing for—Pola Negri as a fashionable modern woman!

The most fascinating love-actress in the world in a George Fitzmaurice Paramount Picture!

You don't know Pola Negri until you have seen "Bella Donna!"

Like a precious stone all motion picture genius requires setting.

Paramount sets it so that it may shine brightest wherever the shaft of light plays on the silver screen.

*If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town.*



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY



A George Fitzmaurice
Production

Note to Theatre Managers

POLA NEGRI'S
First and Only
American-Made
Picture is

"Bella Donna"

Miss Negri has NEVER appeared in any other American-made picture. Her second American-made picture will be

"The Cheat"

By Hector Turnbull

A George Fitzmaurice
Production

A Paramount
Picture



It's a Paramount Picture

SCREENLAND



NEXT MONTH—THE GIRL WHO FAILED

The true story of one of the thousands of girls who find the path of fame in Hollywood too rough for girlish feet. In SCREENLAND for June

Vol. VI

MYRON ZOBEL, Editor
EUNICE MARSHALL, Managing Editor

No. 8

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We Sold Her First Story To Thomas H. Ince

YET Elizabeth Thacher never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story-telling ability. Will you send for the same test—FREE?

Elizabeth Thacher is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays."

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable test. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

ONLY a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thacher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thacher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thacher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer NO. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thacher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Palmer Creative Test

THE Palmer Test is based on some of the tests used by the United States Army for

determining the type of work for which men were best fitted. By adaption they have been made wonderfully successful in discovering Creative Imagination, the one vital requisite for the writing of photoplays. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this test and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers are glad to pay from \$500 to \$2000 for good stories.

Not for "born writers," but for story-tellers

THE acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thacher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thacher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

Even though the profession of photoplay writing does not appeal to you, this course will be very valuable, providing you are endowed with Creative Imagination. Many men and women are enrolled for it because they know that Creative Imagination, properly developed, means larger success in any field of endeavor. And they appreciate the opportunities which this course presents for developing this latent power.

We Invite You to apply this free test

CLIP the coupon below, and we will send you the Palmer Test. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer course and service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this test a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,

Department of Education, Sec. 2205
Palmer Building, Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.



Elizabeth Thacher



Ethel Styles Middleton, of Pittsburgh, writer of "Out of the Night," first Palmerplay.

Royalties for Stories Selected for Palmerplays

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will pay royalties on the profits of the picture for five years with an advance payment of \$1000 to the Palmer trained writers of stories selected for Palmerplays. This plan is endorsed and authorized by the Palmer Advisory Council, the members of which are:

Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator
Thos. H. Ince, Producer
Allen Holubar, Director and Producer
E. J. Banks, M.A., Producer and Director
E. J. Banks, M.A., Director, Sacred Films, Inc.
Rob Wagner, Screen Authority
Rex Ingram, Director and Producer
C. Gardner Sullivan, Scenarist to Thos. H. Ince
J. L. Frothingham, Producer
James R. Quirk, Editor, Photoplay Magazine
Clayton Hamilton, M.A., Director of Education
Douglas Z. Doty, Associate Editor
Eugene B. Lewis, Editor-in-Chief
George Elwood Jenks, Associate Editor

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

Astra StudiosGlendale, Calif.
Balboa Studio.....East Long Beach, Calif.
Belasco Studios, 833 Market St., San Francisco
Chester Bennet Prod.....
.....Brunton Studio, Hollywood
Blue Ribbon Comedies.....
.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Brunton Studio, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood
Berwilla Studios.....
.....5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Century Film Corp.....
.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
C. L. Chester Productions.....
.....1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Christie Comedies.....
.....6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Irving Cummings Prod.....1729 Highland Ave.
Doubleday Productions.....
.....Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood
Ferdinand Earle Productions.....
.....Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
Wm. Fox West Coast Studio.....
.....1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
Fine Arts Studios.....
.....4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
J. L. Frothingham Prod.....Brunton Studio
Garson Studios.....1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
Goldwyn Studio.....Culver City
Great Western Producing Co.....
.....6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Thos. H. Ince Productions.....Culver City
Lasky Studios.....1520 Vine St.
Louis B. Mayer Studios.....
.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Metro Studio.....
.....Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
Morosco Productions.....3800 Mission Road
Bud Osborne Productions.....6514 Romaine St.
Pacific Studios Corp.....San Mateo, Calif.
Pacific Film Co.....Culver City
Mary Pickford Co.....
.....Brunton Studios, Hollywood
R-D Film Corp.....Balboa Studios, Long Beach
Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
Robertson-Cole Productions.....
.....Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
Will Rogers Productions.....
.....Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.
Russel-Griever-Russell.....6070 Sunset Blvd.
Hal E. Roach Studio.....Culver City
Morris R. Schlank Productions.....6050 Sunset
Chas. R. Seeling Productions.....
.....1240 S. Olive, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork.....3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Universal Studio.....Universal City, Calif.
King Vidor Prod.....Ince Studios, Culver City
Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
Cyrus J. Williams Co.....
.....5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
Cyrus J. Williams Co.....
.....4811 Fountain Ave., Hollywood
Wilnat Films, Inc.....
.....1329 Gordon St., Los Angeles
Ben Wilson Productions.....Berwilla Studios

EASTERN STUDIOS

Biograph Studios.....807 E. 175th St., N. Y. C.
Blackton Studios.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Estee Studios.....124 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.
Fox Studios.....West 55th St., N. Y. C.
D. W. Griffith Studios.....Mamaroneck, N. Y.
International Film.....2478 2d Ave., N. Y. C.
Harry Levy Prod.....230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.
Lincoln Studio.....Grantwood, N. J.
Mirror Studios.....Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
Pathe.....1900 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
Selznick Studios.....Fort Lee, N. J.
Talmadge Studios, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
Vitagraph Studios.....E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What too many brides learn too late

EVERY woman looks forward to the time when she shall become a happy bride—the greatest adventure of her life. And when her dreams come true she is radiant with life and love, glowing with health and energy, vibrant with hope for the future.

In a few years, however, great changes take place; gone are the illusions; the rocks of stern reality take the place of castles-in-the-air. Tired lines are etched in her face; perhaps her health is impaired; she "doesn't have time" for this or that—the things she planned to do "after she was married." She is burdened with responsibilities which never should have been placed upon her frail shoulders. Physically and mentally she is growing old. Why? Because more children have come than were fair—to her—to her husband—and, most important, to the children themselves.

Marriage—the holy thing

Why do women allow marriage—the holy thing—to work this wicked transformation?

Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life—a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Margaret Sanger, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control movement

Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

and President of the American Birth Control League, has the answer for this most momentous problem of womankind.

In her daring and startling book Margaret Sanger gives to the women of the world the knowledge she dared to print—the knowledge for which she faced jail and fought through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

For every married couple

In "Woman and the New Race," Mrs. Sanger shows how woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut her out from the thing she cherishes most: her husband's love.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not have them. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society.

Partial List of Contents

*Woman's Error and Her Debt.
Two Classes of Women. Cries of Despair.
*When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children.
Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Woman's.
*Continence—Is It Practicable or Desirable?
*Are Preventive Means Certain?
*Contraceptives or Abortion?
Women and the New Morality.
Legislating Woman's Morals.
Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America?
Progress We Have Made.
*Any one of these chapters alone is worth many times the price of the book.

And now for the first time Mrs. Sanger brings to the women of the world the greatest message it has been their good fortune to receive.

"Woman and the New Race" is a book that will be read wherever womankind struggles with the ever-present danger of too many children. It is a startling mighty revelation of a new truth, a work that will open the eyes of tired, worn womankind. It can with truth and honesty be called woman's salvation.

A Priceless Possession

Every woman in the country should have a copy of this remarkable and courageous work. For this reason we have arranged a special edition of "Woman and the New Race," which is being sent on approval. Send the coupon, for your copy of this wonderful book at once, and if after reading it you do not treasure it as a priceless possession, return it to us and we will refund your money. The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, has artistic black lettering, and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 234 pages of invaluable information. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. **It is sent to you in a plain wrapper.** At the special price of \$2 there will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—at once. Do not send money now—just the coupon.

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. T-635, 1400 Broadway New York City

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. T-635, 1400 Broadway,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please send me, in plain wrapper, Margaret Sanger's book, "Woman and the New Race." I am enclosing no money but will give the postman who delivers the book to me, \$2.00, plus postage.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by money order.

Regain and Retain That Which is Naturally Yours



O P E N I N G

April 1st at 621 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, the luxuriously appointed salons of the WEAVER JACKSON COMPANY'S new Hair Store.

Established over a Third of a Century, we offer the discriminating public the Finest Store of its kind in the World. Completely equipped private booths. Transformations that look Natural. Our own Cosmetics.

WEAVER JACKSON COMPANY,
Hair Store, 621 South Olive Street
LOS ANGELES
Also 450 South Broadway

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Irene Hobson, young at 53, and made so by her own treatment; a treatment that makes one young not only in appearance but in mind and body.

Call at her luxurious institute where Irene Hobson will be pleased to give you proofs of her work and all necessary information pertaining to this wonder treatment. This is the only institute whose treatment embraces the youth of the body combined with the perfect rejuvenation of the face and hands.



WITZEL, HOLLYWOOD

And it is possible for everyone to regain the bloom of youth. Irene's Beauty Institute in Hollywood is now open to all who would be beautiful. Wrinkles removed, sagging cheeks corrected, and the skin of the entire face tightened leaving the appearance that of a girl.

Madam Irene Hobson

Phone Hollywood 2617

6671 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood, California.

By mail - - - something new

Irene's Beauty Mask

A superior beauty paste. Apply in the evening and while sleeping this wondrous paste will work leaving the face as smooth as that of a child. A real smooth-out for wrinkles and is to the skin what the dew is to the rose, keeping the face firm and beautiful.

Especially priced at \$3.00 the jar, postpaid.

Phone, write or call for further information.

Velvet Whitener

A transparent beautifier. Does not rub off and will give a wonderful evening effect, making the face as soft as petals from a flower.

This whitener may be ordered by mail at the special price of \$1.25 postpaid.

Use the Coupon

MADAM IRENE HOBSON,
6671 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Enclosed please find \$4.25 for which send me your special combination postpaid.

Name

Street

City

Remember that Boncilla Is the *Clasmic* Pack

This is important. The action of a Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack goes on deep below skin. You spread this gray, silky-smooth *clasmic* pack on the face and at once its work commences. A "lifting" sensation tells you of pores being cleansed, of nerve centers stimulated, of sagging muscle-tissues nurtured and rebuilt. When entirely dry, the *clasmic* pack is quickly removed with luke-warm water, and lo! from your mirror's image years have been erased!



WE asked 839 individuals, men and women, to tell us in their own words what the Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack had done to improve their complexions.

What They Told Us

- 447 said it removed pimples and blackheads.
- 105 said it removed wrinkles and gave facial muscles a youthful firmness.
- 47 said it removed the oil from their skin.
- 119 said it closed the pores.
- 45 said it gave them a vigorous feeling.
- 8 said it took away sallowness.
- 17 said it removed tan, sunburn and bleached their freckles.

Can Testimony Like This Be Ignored?

We can add little to statements like these. These 839 men and women have told Boncilla's story completely. We have nothing to add but one question:—

In the light of this testimony, can you in fairness to yourself, refuse to try a Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack?

This trial will cost you just 50c and this coupon. You will receive four complete Boncilla *Clasmic* Packs, as well as Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder. It is the greatest "buy" obtainable. For your own sake we urge you to make the same test these 839 men and women made.

The Boncilla Laboratories
Boncilla Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Written Testimony of 839 Men and Women Shows Why You Should Mail This Coupon

A Simple Test at Home

A few days after sending this coupon, you will come home and find the Pack O'Beauty has arrived. Perhaps you will be tired from the day's activity. Then you will realize to the fullest the refreshing, revitalizing effect the Boncilla *Clasmic* Pack will have. One simple test in the privacy of your home and you will realize, too, that here is the road to the skin of girlhood.

Mail This Coupon for the Pack O'Beauty

The Boncilla Pack O'Beauty is a truly remarkable value. It contains four complete *clasmic* packs, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder. This coupon and 50c will bring it to you. Mail the coupon now. It affords you a quick, easy and inexpensive way to make this worth-while test.

Boncilla

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
Boncilla Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

SL523

I enclose 50c. Please send Pack O'Beauty to

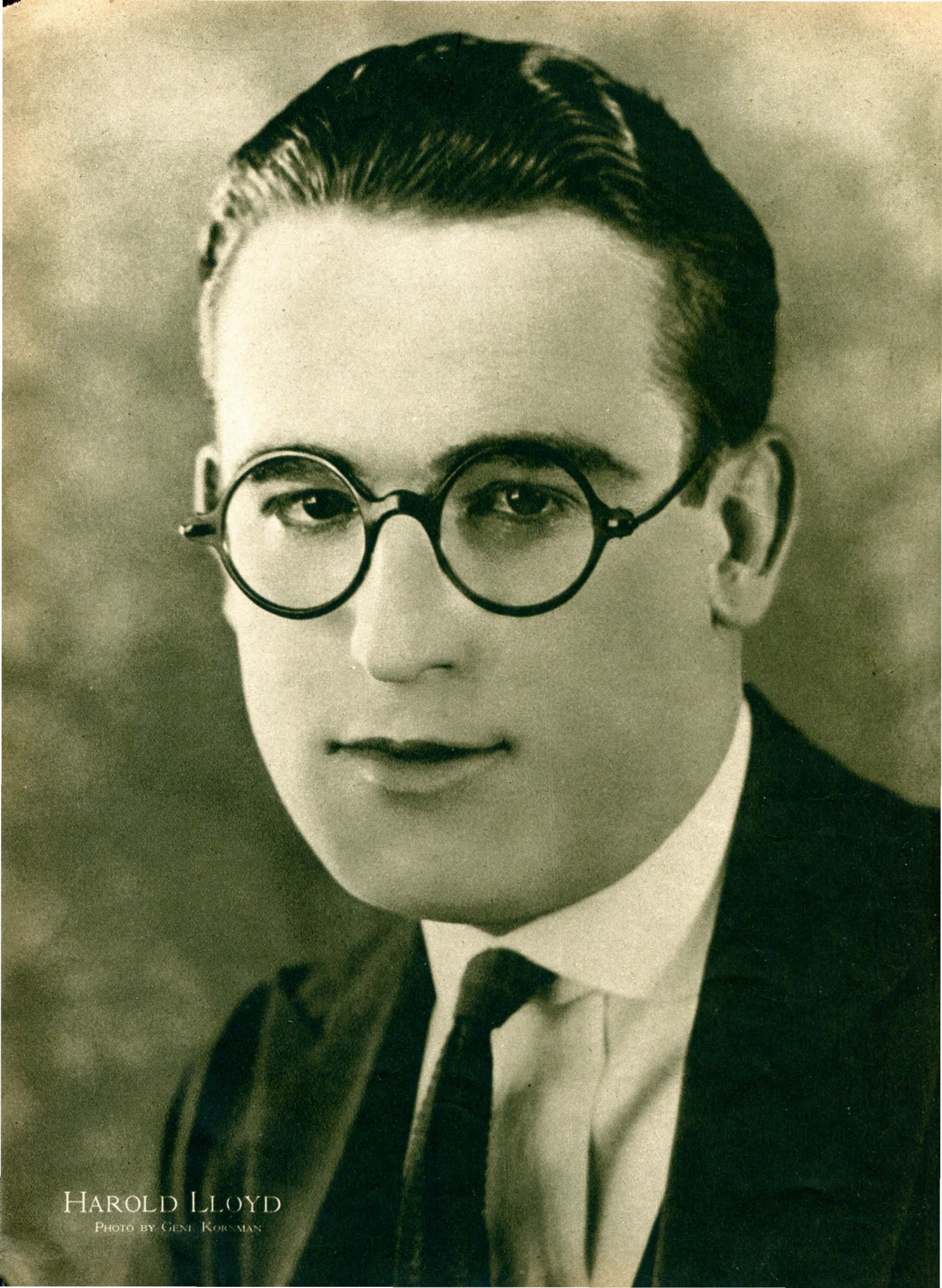
Name

Address

City..... State.....



THE FIRST MIRROR
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



HAROLD LLOYD
PHOTO BY GENE KORMAN



PAULINE STARKE
PHOTO BY WITZEL



BRUCE GUERIN
PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPURR

Do Jews Control the Movies

An Answer to Attacks Made By Maligners of the Films

"Frivolity, sensuality, indecency and appalling illiteracy are the marks of the American stage and screen as it approaches its degeneracy under Jewish control."—*The Dearborn Independent*.

"Pants-pressers, delicatessen dealers and penny showmen are the types of 'magnates' that preside over motion pictures today."—K. K. Kitchen in *The Columbia*.

ARE THESE charges founded on fact? Or are they merely a phase of a rabidly intolerant, narrow-minded hatred of an alien race? The public is entitled to know.

The charge of "low-born" is the one most often and most cruelly flung at Jews who have won high positions in the motion picture world.

Not even a grade-school education was enjoyed by the man who is now at the head of one of America's greatest film corporations, the anti-Semitic writers point out gleefully.

Worse still, another "big man" in Hollywood can scarcely speak a correct sentence in English and signs his letters with a rubber stamp. Thus charge the more rabid of the critics.

No Disgrace to Start Humbly

AMERICANS have never considered it a disgrace to start at the bottom of the ladder. Our best traditions hold that one is not to blame for one's birth, that there is a chance for everyone who is willing to work.

And the Jews *do* work for what they get. Arthur Brisbane, in an editorial comment on the proposed

expulsion of the Jews from Vienna because they "dominate positions in the economic life, art, the stage and the press," points out, "How did they get these dominant positions? By working for them. Dominant positions will always go to those that work for them."

The maligners of the movies forget, perhaps, that the man who missed his grade-school education because he had to use his boyhood in making a living now hires college graduates to work for him, to supply the culture he lacked.

And an accent on the tongue has never been considered any impediment to the mind back of it.

The regrettable part of the humble beginnings of some Jewish producers is the fact that it gives the intolerant a chance to criticise.

It is true, however, that a few producers still retain the mental and moral standards of the Bowery.

"Wire that man Dickens"

THE story is cited of the fat, pompous producer who, hearing of the success of *Oliver Twist*, instructed his Man Friday to "wire that man Dickens and buy the screen rights of any other books he has had published.

Another producer turned down *The Scarlet Letter* as a screen possibility because "these football stories are no good anyway, and we ain't got no actors that was ever inside of a barber's college even."

But why go on? A few, a very few of filmdom's rulers are educated men. These are of the new school. The old order will pass, is passing.

Endless platitudes mark the motion picture today, says Mr. Henry Ford's paper, *The Dearborn Independent*. And in truth, they must answer to us, the outraged public, for *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight*, *Always the Woman*, *The Face on the Bar-room Floor* and a

thousand other cheap, imitation dramas.

The true cause for the low standard of photodramas, aside from the vulgar tastes of the majority of producers, is the cash-register, factory system of grinding out program pictures, precisely as Mr. Ford turns out his own automobiles or as a machine grinds out sausages.

Is Initiative Suppressed?

Has the Jew, in his control of motion pictures, suppressed individuality and initiative, as charged? Does he go on the theory of the small-town exhibitor who, when offered *Blood and Sand* at a special price, said no, he knew it was a good picture, but when he gave his patrons a fine picture it spoiled them for the ordinary program picture?

It might give the public "notions" to see consistently fine films, reasons the producer. When he can get more money out of a steady flow of cheaply made films, why risk money on really artistic and expensive ones?

The Fate of Fine Films

WHEN one considers, however, the usual fate of fine pictures, we can scarcely condemn the producer, who is by no stretch of the imagination in the business for his health. *Broken Blossoms*, an almost perfect picture, was a dismal financial failure. *Disraeli* never made any money. *The Three Musketeers* suffered and died in the provinces. And as for Nazimova's *Salome*, the public would have none of it, though it was an artistic triumph and a mental tonic.

Is Sensuality a Jewish Trait?

THE Jews, according to the Ford paper, cater to morbid desires. An Oriental voluptuousness is drying up the sound serum of Anglo-Saxon morality, is the charge. The "hu-

man form divine" is being used in a most undivine fashion to "put over" weak stories.

Yet—

The director who has the reputation of being the most erotic person in pictures, whose films have to be terribly mutilated before they are fit to be shown, whose character is as sinister as his outward appearance, is *not* a Jew.

The director whose pictures are most frankly "physical," most appealing to the senses, is *not* a Jew.

The director-producer who has made the bathing-girl famous, whose ladies cavort in as little as the law allows and sometimes less than that, whose private life is as colorful as his professional one, is *not* a Jew.

Nepotism is Great Failing

THE clannishness of the Jewish race accounts for the prevailing curse of nepotism in the movies. Incompetence as a director, as a photographer, or as a scenario editor all too seldom brings dismissal, because the incompetent is a relative of the "big boss."

To Adolph Zukor Mary Pickford owes her first chance at fame. Up to the time when Zukor starred her, she was known under Griffith as merely "Biograph Mary." Zukor also conceived the idea of bringing to the screen famous players of the stage. Sarah Bernhardt was the first to make the plunge, in "Queen Elizabeth."

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



The studios are honeycombed with persons who are "in right" with the man higher up. They can't possibly lose their jobs. And their work shows it.

But this very trait has its good side, too. It is best exemplified by the case of Carl Laemmle. When Laemmle was a young man, and a very poor one, he had hard times in making ends meet.

In those lean years he vowed that he would repay those who had done him a kindness, who had trusted him. And he has done so. The studio out at Universal City is full of old friends of Carl Laemmle. Did a man once lend him a dollar? Laemmle gives him a job as director. It made no dif-

They Took a Chance

"SHAKESPEARE spells ruin" is a Jewish maxim, charges the anti-Semitic weeklies. Anything high-brow is taboo.

Yet Joseph Schenck, a Jewish producer, is planning the production of *Romeo and Juliet*.

The Goldwyn company is spending a million dollars on *Ben Hur*. (The critics will retort that this is because *Ben Hur* holds before the public a romantic picture of a Jew.)

Adolph Zukor, still a third Jewish producer, gave to a grateful country *Blood and Sand*, the finest tragedy of many years—and has even retained the unhappy ending.

Marcus Loew produced *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, in the face of all prophecy that it would be a financial failure. "Into the valley of debt rode the Four Horsemen" was a current Hollywood jize, during the filming of the Ibanez masterpiece.

Too Imitative

YET producers of today are far too imitative. They follow blindly in the path of success.

The Miracle Man precipitated

A college man, B. P. Schulberg stands for the new regime in motion pictures. Morale in a studio, he claims, is merely a matter of example. The Schulberg studio is one of the cleanest in filmdom.

Photo by EVANS



Photo by EVANS

The beautiful Carmel Myers, the daughter of a rabbi, one of the finest girls in Hollywood, a credit to her race and her profession.

ference whether the man knew one end of a megaphone from the other. He got the job anyway, for auld lang syne.

upon us a flood of religious pictures.

The Shiek, probably the biggest financial hit of the year, was the cause of so many desert pictures that companies working out at Ox-nard got in each other's way. The trackless desert was all cluttered up with "chow" tents and camels loping across the horizon.

Let an Alaskan picture make a success and all the producers wire frantically to their production managers to make snow pictures at once.

And as for South Sea pictures—and "get your man" Northwest Mounted films—and mother pictures, one would swear that they were all turned out on the same patented formula.

The Jew as a Creative Artist

Who is the greatest comedian in pictures, a *mime* of great genius and an artist to his finger tips? A Jew. His name is Charles Chaplin.

Pola Negri, too, owes her genius to the tragic muse of an ancient race.

And finally, who is the finest

Carl Laemmle, the man who never forgot a friend.



these, the Jews may rest content, against slurs and gibes.

The New Type of Producer

B. P. SCHULBERG is of the new school of producers. A cultured college man, he stands for a new regime in pictures. He is thirty. The hope of pictures, he declares, lies in the younger generation of men and women. The older men have had their chance . . . and they have failed.

Was it because, as Schulberg said, the pioneers in pictures came into the game because they were failures in other lines or because they were gamblers? At any rate, the Schulberg studio is one of the cleanest in the business. Morale in a studio is a matter of example, Schulberg claims.



PHOTO BY MARCIA STEIN

Vera Gordon's wholesome pictures of Jewish home life, such as "Humoresque," have done much to gain friends for motion pictures.

theatrical world when he brought in big, recognized stage stars to the screen, back in 1912.

Up to that time, screen actors were unknowns, attracted to the studios by the novelty, or vaudeville players who happened to be "resting." Zukor startled his competitors by securing none other than Sarah Bernhardt for his production, *Queen Elizabeth*, produced by his Famous-Players Company.

The divine Sarah was not a complete success as a film star. She photographed rather poorly, but her name brought a prestige that none other could. After her screen debut, other stage stars felt that they could safely risk their reputations, too.

Zukor was also the man to make Mary Pickford famous. She had been merely "Biograph Mary" under Griffith, who refused to star her. Zukor gave her her first real chance.

Bob Edeson, William Farnum and H. B. Warner were some of the early recruits.

It was in 1916 that Zukor's Famous-Players Company, needing financial aid, combined with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Company, equally in need of monetary sup-

(Continued on page 93)

Sol Lesser, who sponsored the Jackie Coogan productions, is a Jew of the highest type, a man of culture and refinement. He is doing much to make pictures worth while.



PHOTO BY SHIRLEY VANCE MARTIN

tragedienne of them all, who has brought real artistry to the screen in spite of bourgeois audiences? Nazimova, a Jewess.

With representatives such as

Adolph Zukor had Big Idea

ADOLPH ZUKOR was the unknown hero who staggered the

Is Pola Negri Charlie Chaplin's *Mental Wife*

?

WHEN POLA NEGRI announced her engagement to Charles Spencer Chaplin, at Del Monte, the confirmed romanticists of Hollywood, drew a deep breath of relief. Charlie was snared at last. He would again feel the yoke of matrimony. Hollywood, much married though she is, and for the most part loosely married, seems to have an awful urge to see all her sons and daughters in a state of matrimonial servitude. A bachelor is the one thing Hollywood cannot become resigned to.

But was that relief breath expelled too soon? Chaplin has been reputed engaged so many times that even Hollywood, ready to lap up news of his engagement and marriage, paused to wonder if the nuptials will actually be solemnized—if a wedding is ever really solemn in Hollywood.

And if Chaplin and Pola do marry, will Chaplin have found in this peerless beauty of Poland his ideal mate? Will tragedy mate with comedy, so that the mating will be permanent?

Chaplin Is Connoisseur

IN Chaplin's choice of a second wife, Hollywood psycho-analysts have found much food for argument. It is recalled that Chaplin is a connoisseur of women. He seems to have some element of sex

attraction that draws unto him all sorts of women and girls. Chaplin is unimpressive in appearance, far from the caveman type before which all women are supposed to fall and grovel for a kind word. It may be that he has caveman qualities, despite his almost puny physique.

The psychologists may say that it is Chaplin's "choosiness" which has made him a target for matrimonial stories, scheming mamas and actresses who would feather their nests, and at the same time, reap vast harvests of the best publicity in the world. One sure-fire way of getting one's name on the first page of every newspaper in the country—in the world, even—is to be reputed engaged to Charlie Chaplin. The very fact that Chaplin has been reputed engaged to so many of Hollywood's fairest stars

has elevated him to the pinnacle of eligibility and desirability.

And since Chaplin is famous as a connoisseur of beauty, to be seen with him is almost as great an honor as it was in the pre-revolutionary times in France to be chosen as the mistress of the King. Jeanette DuBarry probably felt no more thrilled over the message that told her that Louis XVI had succumbed to her charms than May Collins, fresh from Broadway, experienced when she saw her name and picture linked with Chaplin's as the girl he would probably marry.

Charlie Is Good Press Agent

NO ONE can say that Chaplin has not been a generous press agent for beauty. In fact, no little film actress out here has prayed that Heaven would protect the working



Pola Negri,
Charlie Chaplin's
fiancee.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Pola and Charlie have one passion at least in common, a love of golf.

girl against the amorous advances of Charles Chaplin. To be chosen, even for a short time, as Chaplin's companion at dances and dinners, has been a badge of beauty worn much more jauntily than a gold medal awarded the winner of a beauty contest. She upon whom Chaplin has smiled has been "made," for Chaplin is undoubtedly Hollywood's authority on feminine charms.

The list of Chaplin's conquests reads like a critic's choice of Hollywood's most beautiful women. Back in the good old days, when Chaplin made his first two-reel comedies, Edna Purviance seemed to suit Charlie perfectly. And his penchant for his blonde leading lady has continued, in various phases of fidelity and ardency ever since.

It might be said of Chaplin that he is more faithful to his first love than almost any man in pictures. He has consistently given Edna the "edge" on others with whom he has played. It will be remembered that in his biggest picture he made Edna Purviance the mother of *The Kid*. Now Chaplin is financing and directing this old flame of his in a series of society dramas, the first of which is *Destiny*.

Chaplin says it is such a good picture that he wishes he had appeared in it himself. Yet he seems to have enjoyed immensely his role of director. Probably these lavish gifts of Chaplin, and his consistent consideration of her, have done much to reconcile her to the fact that she cannot always be first in the heart of the beauty connoisseur.

Claire Windsor Next Candidate

OTHERS who have for a time led the little comedian a merry dance, or have been led a merry dance by the little comedian, just as you see fit to put it, include Claire Windsor, often called the most "womanly beauty" on the screen; May Collins, cute little seventeen-year-old, who hardly knew how to conduct herself while the calcium of fame as Charlie's reputed fiancée was turned upon her; Eleanor Boardman, a real beauty of the vivacious brunette type, now starred by Goldwyn; and Lila Lee, who bloomed under the Chaplin approval and later, after the sun of his affection had been turned elsewhere, became interested in James Kirkwood, and is now reported to be engaged to him.

One of Chaplin's most serious affairs was with Claire Windsor, who was all but married to Chaplin by the time Rumor had had her entire sweet way with the story. Perhaps Chaplin's intense concern when Claire was reported lost in the Hollywood hills lent extra credence to the report, Charlie's enemies and the more catty of the women stars now grin wisely and say that Claire's three-day disappearance was a well staged press-agent stunt, and that Chaplin's offer of a thousand dollar reward was the main coup of the story. It is said that Claire's real reason for disappearing was to bring her dilatory swain to the point of proposing. Charlie's reaction, however, was one of displeasure at being duped, it is intimated. His interest waned.

But Chaplin has flitted from flower to flower, sipping the honey from the sweetest in Hollywood. He has been abroad and there was the feted king of filmdom. Any lady of noble birth would have been pleased to have the King of Comedy smile upon her. Continental actresses were proud to be

seen on the Parisian boulevards with the redoubtable little Lothario. Is it not possible that Chaplin, having the pick of the world's beauty to choose from, became weary of beauty, became so cynical that nothing pleased his highly sensitized palate?

He Has Seen Too Much

You can imagine Charlie as a more critical flaw-picker of beauty than even Penrhyn Stanlaws, whose startling critique of Hollywood beauty, published first in SCREENLAND, has been quoted in every country on the globe. You can imagine Chaplin with a row of photographs before him on his library table, casting a bored and critical look on each fair face and form.

You can almost hear him say, with Stanlaws, as he gazes into the sweet, womanly face of Claire Windsor: "Those eyes are too high. The hair has been bobbed and has been mistreated too often with the marcel iron. Next."

Then his gaze wanders to the rounded, childish figure of seventeen-year-old May Collins, and his jaded look disappears for a moment. "She was a dear child," he may be imagined as murmuring, "but a little—er, raw. No finesse. Charming but crude. An interesting woman ten years from now."

You can imagine his keen grey eyes resting with approval on the classic features of his child-wife, as she was always most pathetically referred to. For Mildred was undoubtedly beautiful, probably for



Charlie breaks the news of his engagement to Adolph Menjou.

pure beauty the peer of all the women upon whom Charlie's passing fancy has rested for a moment. But do we hear Chaplin gently murmur, "Beautiful but dumb!"? No one will ever know just what caused all the trouble between beautiful Mildred Harris and her famous husband. No one will ever know how many evenings of boredom he put in before he moved his toothbrush to the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

After all, it is asking a little too much, so Charlie's friends say, to expect a man of Chaplin's mentality to be bored indefinitely. However that may be, Mildred was certainly a child at marriage, and a not overly educated child at that. Chaplin is said to have been rushed into his first marriage, swept off his feet by circumstances.

A Burnt Child

UNDOUBTEDLY Chaplin's first experience with the married state has made him wary of a second experience. It is said, up and down the Boulevard, when movie folks consort for the sake of talk—and food, that Chaplin has never wanted to marry again; that, in fact, he never wanted to marry in the first place. He has been called the one shining example of the burnt child who dreads the fire, and who had the courage and the diplomacy to live up to his prejudices.

How then did Pola lure this wily man, who has never been lured within the danger zone since his first experience? Chaplin, no matter how many times he was reported engaged, never confirmed the report before. He seemed perfectly willing for his dear



PHOTO BY HOOVER

For pure beauty, Mildred Harris was probably the peer of all the women Charlie ever loved.

little proteges to squeeze the last possible ounce of publicity out of their innocent little love affairs with him, but he absolutely drew the line at an announced engagement.

Is Chaplin at last in love enough to chance matrimony? Has Pola, whose fascinations have been compared with those of Madame Pom-

Heaven populated with beautiful lady-angels! What could be more perfect in Chaplin's opinion?

padour and Dubarry, made him forget the bars on the cage of married life? Has she entwined those bars with the scarlet silk of a passion that will be strong enough to hold him content within the bars? If Chaplin marries Pola, will he settle down to one, or will he, with Kipling, say:

"The more you have learned of the others The less you will settle to one."

The theory has been advanced by an intimate friend of Charlie's that Chaplin has "rogued and ranged" so much in his time, that he himself does not know just the kind of woman that pleases him most. It has often been said of Chaplin that he will have nothing to say to a woman who is neither beautiful nor clever. He is said to treat all other

women with the utmost indifference, even rudeness. And so strong are his predilections for beauty that he infinitely prefers a combination of both brains and beauty.

Has a Mental Wife

ANOTHER friend of Chaplin says that Charlie has always had a mental "wife," a beautiful ideal of womanhood, by which he has measured every candidate for his heart and hand—and fortune. Probably this mental mate, this ideal woman, is a charming composite of all the

women that Chaplin has loved, or perhaps in each woman he has favored he has seen a fragment of his ideal.

Perhaps in Claire Windsor, Chaplin saw the dignified womanliness which his ideal mate must possess, as well as the tenderness. Perhaps in





May Collins' youthful charm proved very attractive to Charlie's seasoned taste at one time.

Edna Purviance he has seen and worshipped the ideal woman's fidelity and patience. Maybe in Lila Lee Chaplin found his mythical ideal's poise and restful calm. In May Collins he may have seen her charming youth—a sort of Peter Pan quality of eternal youth.

If, as his friends say, Charlie is at heart an idealist, a seeker after the perfect woman, has he found this mate in Pola Negri?

Pola Has Rare Beauty

POLA NEGRI is conceded to be one of the most beautiful women in the world. Her luminous grey eyes fascinate anyone who looks deep into them. They are said to have an almost *hypnotic* power. Have those magnificent eyes temporarily—or permanently—hypnotized our Charlie? Her magnolia petal skin is one of her greatest assets. It is always made up to look dead white, without a fleck of rouge. Her vermilion lips cut this whiteness with a splash of color that focuses the attention upon that mo-

bile, passionate, expressive mouth, and upon the perfect teeth. Her black hair expresses all her moods. Unleashed and curled, it frames her face in riotous glory; subdued, it intensifies the mystery of the woman who has risen from the ranks of unknown continental players to the leading tragedienne of the screen.

Reports as to the disposition and the mentality of Negri are so conflicting as to be almost worthless as a guide to the real woman. Many tales are told of temperament and temper on the Lasky sets. The famous cat story is now historical, but will bear repetition. When she first arrived at the Lasky studio, she saw a few of the numerous black and brindle grey cats which have become a sort of trademark at the Lasky studios. She exhibited great horror, so the story goes, and protested an unconquerable aversion toward felines of any description. She signed the death warrant of the cats then and there.

once an hour, says a Lasky electrician, the fair Pola yells loudly for "Lena," her maid, who immediately appears with a glass of brandy. Fanning the flames of passion to the acting point seems to be the chief duty of the ubiquitous Lena.

Plenty of Temperament

POLA is the first Lasky star to insist on complete privacy during the filming of a scene. She hardly allows her own director on the set. The publicity men do not dare intrude. The set is always boarded in during the shooting of a scene, no matter how trivial. Her temperament is such that she cannot work when observed by aliens. But electricians, property men and other necessary evils on the set, cut the word short and call it temper. Wild bursts of temperament keep the days from becoming monotonous. Pola's secretary is said to live a life that could hardly be called a bed



But Gloria Swanson, who has been a sort of fairy godmother to those same cats, is said to have risen up in her might as Lasky's pet woman star, and asserted herself. The battle between the new queen and the reigning queen was then joined. The cats are still alive.

Another story tells of how Pola must have her daily potions of liquor, regardless. She must have champagne on the set, or she can't act, the gossips say. And, regularly

of roses, for the beautiful Pola is as full of whims as a pampered infant. Acting as social secretary to Pola is not one of the jobs that even the angels in Heaven would scramble for, sweet-tempered as they are, for Pola, according to little stories that leak out, refuses to be bound by engagements which she herself makes or by engagements which the publicity people make for her.

(Continued on Page 101)



Heartbreak House

The Service Bureau, where thousands of extra people hope against hope that work may be given them, enough to keep the life in their tired bodies.

SCALPERS *of the* Films

The True Story of the Extra Girl

By ANNE AUSTIN

YOU who measure calico and gingham for a living and feel badly abused, consider the poor extra, the most ambitious animal known to modern science, and then be glad that you have three squares a day, a sure place to shelter you, and a niche in your community life. For the extra has none of these things.

There are thousands of extras in Hollywood. If the combined weight of their nightly petitions to Providence had hydraulic power, it would lift the cerulean roof of Heaven and secure immediate action. For every extra has a sublime faith in himself, believes that if the director notices him the next day, as he waves a spear in the Roman scenes, he will surely be picked as the successor to Rodolph Valentino. Or the extra girl nightly goes to sleep with the comforting reflection that the assistant director smiled at her—at least didn't scowl—and that if he takes a good look at her tomorrow he will speak to the director about her, and she will be asked to take the second feminine lead, which will be only an interlude between comparative affluence and stardom.

If it were not for this unquenchable hope that buoys up every extra in Hollywood, the directors would soon find themselves badly up against it for material for mob scenes, atmosphere, bits, etc. For in no other industrial community in America is labor so cavalierly mishandled, so systematically discouraged, as it is in our own fair Hollywood. Girls submit to indignities that would cause a little Italian shirtwaist maker to use her stiletto, all because they believe their charms will some day attract attention, and that they have no recourse. And they haven't. If they don't like the way they are treated, they can get out, and the vast army waiting outside the studio gates will quickly fill the gaps.

YOU cannot get into a New York theater without buying your ticket from a scalper. You cannot get into a Hollywood studio without paying the check scalper.

No One Dares Complain

ONE abused extra does not dare raise a howl. He or she would be blacklisted. But combined extras can howl loudly enough for the press to hear them. Then maybe the press will do their howling for them. Such has recently been the case. The tramped worms have at last begun to turn, but so frightened, so cowed, are most of the extras that they don't dare whimper aloud, for fear of making an enemy.

The most flagrant abuse of extra labor in the studios is in the method of paying for services. An extra receives \$7.50 for a day's work if he is lucky. Comedy companies often pay as low as \$3 a day. And you who think \$7.50 a day is pretty fair pay, don't sniff and wonder what the extras are kicking about.

The extra does not get all of this magnificent sum. The Service Bureau, located in Los Angeles, ten miles from Hollywood's principal studios, has to cash the checks, and out of it takes fifty cents commission, whether the extra obtained his job through the service bureau or not. Most studios—not all of them are included—find this the most convenient way to pay. "Extra" checks are simply made payable at the Service Bureau. The money is paid in a lump sum to the Service Bureau, and all extras, regardless of how they obtained the jobs, get their money through the Service Bureau—after fifty cents for each day's work has been deducted. In many cases, all the Service Bu-

reau does to earn this half dollar is to hand the money across the counter.

Another Outrage

THE extra cannot cash his check at this Service Bureau until after three o'clock. Since he receives his check at the end of a work day, he has to wait until the next day to cash it. If he works the next day at another studio, he still cannot cash his check. He must either wait for his money until he has a free day or lose a day to go to cash his check. The Service Bureau is in Los Angeles, and hence ten cents must be expended in carfare each way. Fifty cents fee plus twenty cents carfare makes seventy cents. That leaves the extra only \$6.80 for his day's work, if he is lucky enough to have worked in Hollywood, instead of at some of the outlying studios. For instance, if a call comes from Universal City, the extra, in order to report for an eight o'clock call, must get up at about five o'clock, breakfast, take a trolley into Los Angeles, and then catch the Pacific Electric car to Universal City, fifteen miles away. The carfare round trip from Hollywood to Los Angeles is twenty cents; the round trip fare to Universal is fifty-one cents. Seventy-one cents carfare. Then add fifty cents fee and twenty cents carfare to go cash the check, and you have a total of \$1.41, spent in earning not less than three dollars and not more than seven and a half. The best possible net is \$6.09, minus lunch money, of course.

A call to Culver City, where the Ince and Goldwyn studios are located, nets about the same.

Note Shavers of the Films

"NOTE SHAVERS" are well known to business. "Check shavers" infest Hollywood. Almost every cafe

has its check shaver, who will buy up checks from extras, paying \$6.80 for a \$7.50 check. The check-buyer then takes a bunch of checks to the Service Bureau, pays the fifty-cent fee out of each, and has the twenty cents carfare allowed on each check clear. The extra really loses nothing more by the check shaving than he would in cashing his check in person, and he has his time to the good. But it is pernicious that circumstances should make such a practice profitable. Why extras should be forced to pay a seventy-cent penalty for the privilege of working a day in pictures is more than any economic professor could possibly work out.

Occasionally hungry extras, who have not eaten a square meal in weeks, and who get hold of a Service Bureau check at the end of a hard day, will sell the check for quick cash at a much bigger discount. One girl who was on the verge of starvation finally secured a day's work but received her check too late to cash it at the Service Bureau that day. She was faint with hunger. Her appetite and her ignorance of "check shavers" forced her to offer the hard-earned check, face value \$7.50, for \$5.00. Some unscrupulous person was willing enough to skin the extra girl. There are always those who are eager to prey upon the misfortunes of others. And the extra is perhaps the most preyed upon worker in the United States.

One extra tells, with a rueful smile on her face, that she spent one month trying to earn enough to get a spring hat. As she lived at home, on parents who could ill-afford to feed and clothe her, she did not have to pay board. But if she wanted an extra hat, just to satisfy her vanity, her mother told her she would have to earn the money for it. The hat's price was twenty dollars. She had it laid

aside for her, paying five dollars down out of the first check she was able to get out of the movies. At the end of one month the hat was paid for.

The Half Has Not Been Told

BUT the half has not been told. Many studios do not furnish the wardrobe; in fact, the Lasky studios



If extras in Hollywood lived solely on their own earnings, a bowl of bean soup once a day and an attic bedroom would be the best "living" they could provide.

WHAT ONE GIRL EARNED in one month as an extra

Three days work in drama at \$7.50 per day.....	\$22.50
Three days in comedy at \$5.00 per day.....	\$15.00
Bathing stunt.....	\$10.00
	<hr/> \$47.50
Less fees and carfare....	\$ 6.37
	<hr/> \$40.13

WHAT SHE ACTUALLY SPENT in the same time

Board and room.....	\$50.00
Laundry and dry cleaning.....	6.80
Hose.....	5.50
Hat.....	15.00
Carfare (looking for work).....	5.30
Miscellaneous.....	7.40
	<hr/> \$97.50

Difference between what she spent and what she earned—\$57.37

HOW DID SHE MAKE UP THE DEFICIT?

B. M., an extra living on Western Avenue, worked a solid month for a hat her soul yearned after. The hat only cost twenty dollars.

are perhaps the only studios that furnish practically all clothes except regulation street costumes.

But even a Lasky call has its drawbacks, for the extra must lose at least half a day in being fitted, for no extras are outfitted on the day the work is done. Half-pay should at least be given for the spoiling of a whole day's work. Comedy companies usually furnish the freak costumes, such as policemen's suits, firemen's clothes, etc. But most of the studios require the extra to furnish her entire wardrobe. And woe be unto the extra who has to turn down a call from the Service Bureau because she

lacks the proper outfit. A black mark is chalked up against her and she may never get another call, although she may have an unusually complete wardrobe, talent and beauty.

A "Cute" Gingham Makes an Opportunity

ONE little extra, pretty but not startling in any way, has just come back to Hollywood from San Francisco. She was an extra several years ago, and while her experience then was heart-breakingly discouraging, she could no longer withstand the undeniable lure of the films, and has returned. She spent months and a small fortune—her accumulated earnings from office work—in getting together what she fondly believed to be a wardrobe equal to any call — until fashions changed materially, of course.

But the first call she got, after having spent a month in fruitless searching for work—just any kind of work in pictures—she saw a notice in the local papers that ice-skaters were badly needed. She is proficient on ice, and reported with breathless haste. She was

given a job for one day, but was told that she would have to have a pair of high sport boots. The skates were furnished fortunately. She had no high boots, for high

shoes have been *passe* so long that it never occurred to her to bring any with her. So she had to purchase a pair—ten dollars. She got seven dollars and a half for the day's work, minus fifty cents fee and twenty cents carefare to Los Angeles to cash her check. Altogether, on that day's work she was \$3.20 in the hole.

Ten days went by before this extra got another chance to appear before the camera, and then it was in a five dollar comedy job. Comedy companies seldom pay their extras more than five dollars a day, and often no more than three,



though why it is not worth just as much to furnish atmosphere for the custard-throwers as for the emoters is a problem which only Mr. Hays could solve. And the risk is so much greater. Think of having a custard pie mingle with the bodice of one's best evening dress! My friend, the extra, was told that she was to be "atmosphere" at a railroad station, one of a cluster of girls gathered to meet the incoming train, and incidentally the hero, returning to his own home town. And she was told to wear a gingham dress. That sounds simple, but the girl had no gingham dress. She had sports costumes, ball gowns, street dresses, negligees, pajamas, frocks of silk and satin and chiffon, but none, positively none, of gingham. It happened that she had called on me that evening, talking over the hard life of the extra girl, and giving me real "local color" on the subject. She told me the incident, as illustrating the accidents which stand in the way of a screen career. I went to my own clothes closet and took out a black and white checked gingham, trimmed with tiny pearl buttons and insets of white organdie. She was more enraptured over that simple little frock than if it had been a court gown.

She took it and wore it on the set the next day. She told me all about it a week later when she returned the dress, none the worse for its appearance in the movies.

"All the other girls had worn silk dresses or coat suits, determined to look pretty, even at the risk of losing a day's work. I was the only girl in gingham. We gathered around the station, according to schedule, and my heart nearly stopped beating when the director told me—me!—to step forward to meet the hero when the train stopped. He said I was the only girl who looked the part of the unsophisticated small town girl. And it was all due to the dress!"

On such small accidents do careers hang. It happened that the girl who was singled out to meet the hero had to be used in half a dozen other scenes, and my ambitious little friend, who came to Hollywood without a gingham dress, was allowed to work throughout the picture. Naturally she believes that now the director has

noticed her she will get more chances. But even so, the odds are against her, for she is not a "type" or an extraordinary beauty. She is just one of the hundreds of pretty girls in Hollywood who are trying to get into the movies.

How Do They Do It

THE sheer persistence of these girls who hang on to life in Hollywood by the skin of their teeth is really the marvel of the age. How do they live? By what devious, hidden devices do they manage to keep body and soul together, a marvel in their hair, a gloss on their fingernails, henna on their hair, smart shoes on their feet, crisp silks on their slim bodies?

Most of these girls are lucky if they get two or three days' work a week; many hundreds of them do not land a job more than one day a week. Naturally these latter get help from home. They haunt the doorways around mail delivery time, snatching at envelopes which may have money in them. They long to be free of Hollywood and all the heartache that the name stands for, but that will o' the wisp keeps beckoning them on. Tomorrow the chance may come. The director will single them out and their fortune will be made! So another day is lived through, and another and another.

Not all of these girls who are hanging on with desperate hope are pretty. Some of them just think they are; some are frankly homely, and believe that beauty isn't everything—which it isn't—and that a good character actress has a better chance than a beauty. I know one girl who is certainly not a beauty and who is no particular type for character parts, who has hung on here for five years! She has even climbed up to 'bits' and 'parts.' She speaks with wistful certainty of the day when she will be a star.

"I know I will not be upstage, like so many of the girls. Why, I knew Betty Compson when—"

Hope Springs Eternal

It is always like that. The extra in question has no qualifications for stardom, yet she is holding on with bruised and bleeding fingers to the tiny hold she has upon the industry. Her family is supporting her, buying her the expensive

clothes needed for the small parts she gets. And they seem to be doing it cheerfully, proud of the little success she has enjoyed.

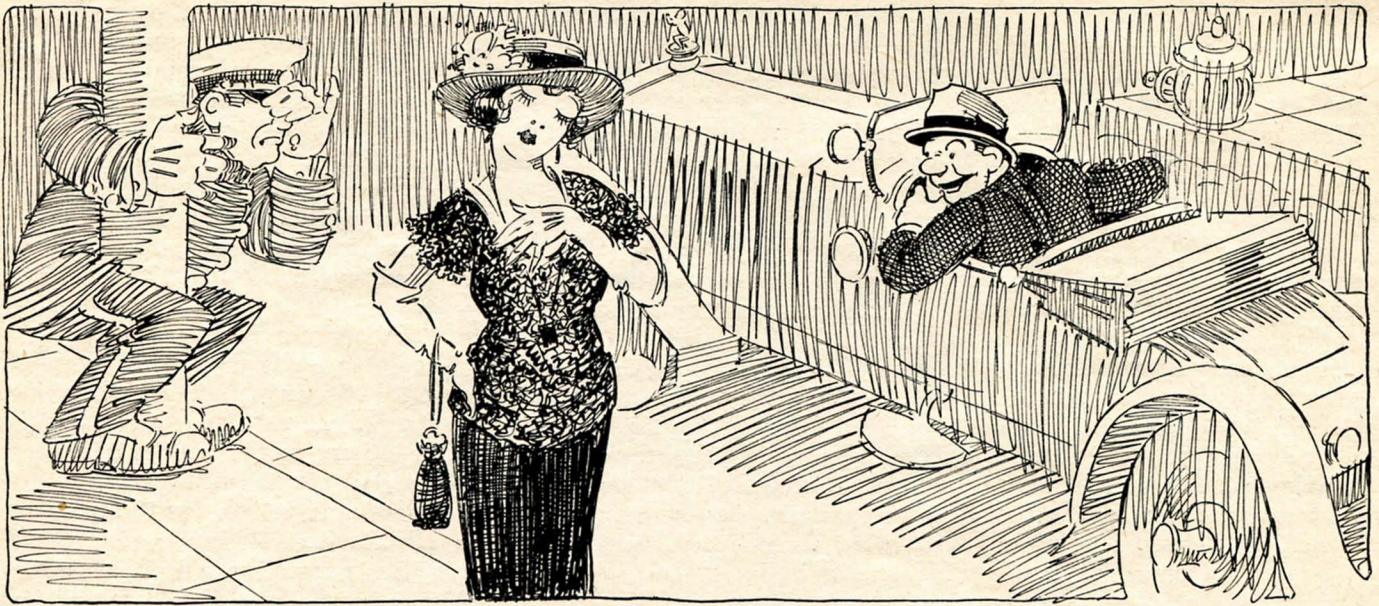
"I could have been a private secretary by now, making a hundred and fifty a month," she told me ruefully. "But there I would be stuck. In this profession, there is always a chance that I will be starved."

Sometimes it is the girl's own fault that she does not get ahead, just as in any other field. One instance, not particularly appropriate in a story of the wrongs of the extras, comes to mind. This little tale should be entitled "Driving the Director to Drink."

She was pretty and photographed well so she was picked out of the extra throng by the director of a new series of male-star pictures, for a tiny bit. She had the privilege of twanging a ukulele while college boys danced in a drug store, and out of it she got half a dozen good close-ups and a chance at some good comedy. She really did well with her chance and it looked as if the movies might have a royal road after all. But no sooner had the pretty new girl gotten into the pictures than all sorts of trouble began to happen on the lot. They tell me—half a dozen victims of her mania for making trouble—that she was an inveterate tale-bearer. Her malicious lies soon had the director and his wife not speaking to each other; the star not speaking to the director—which was embarrassing and awkward—the leading lady not speaking to anyone, and the star out drunk every night. Such a situation could not continue long. The director decided that he had a stomachful and fired the pretty girl, telling her never to put foot on the lot again. But her bad influence continues to exert itself. The star is still seen out with her almost every night, and his work is falling off very noticeably.

Naturally the pretty girl type of extra predominates, but all types of human beings are ground through the service bureau mill daily. Old men, old women, middle-aged men and women, babies, children—all tramp from studio to studio, or warm the benches in the service bureaus, hoping for a day's work.

(Continued on page 87)



Mashers of Hollywood

How Pretty Girl Police Aides Succeeded in Discouraging Flirting on Streets of Film Capital

Illustrations By
W. L. THOMAS

ABAS the masher in Hollywood!

Time was when strolling up and down Hollywood Boulevard was not without its interesting episodes. Brilliantly painted motors flashed up and down the highway, even as they do today. With one difference. The male occupants do not seem to be searching so diligently for a familiar face among the femininity on the sidewalks.

For the day of the masher is passed in the film capital. And tourists complain of the uneventfulness of our supposedly wicked city.

With so many pretty girls, living away from home, and so many young chaps with money and too much leisure, there was bound to be a certain amount of flirtations, "pick-ups", if you will. No more than in any city, not even so much as in the fashionable residence district of Westlake, a Los Angeles suburb. But even a little is too much for the good name of a community like Hollywood, always in

the public eye, so the public guardians of our safety and morale have taken steps to "raus mit" the masher.

Perhaps "masher" means one thing to you: an undesirable who tries to force his attentions upon a woman. But did you know there are at least twelve different varieties of the pest?

Girls Act As Decoys

THE pretty girls who aid Hollywood police in discouraging the masher have them neatly catalogued and card-indexed for your information.

These girls, neat enough and pretty enough to attract an approving glance from any man, are sent out with these instructions:

"Just be yourself. Don't try to attract attention. Just seem to be going down to the corner for a spool of thread or a breath of fresh air. Don't decrease your pace if a man speaks to you. If a man speaks to you from a car, look him over

but proceed on your way. If he follows and speaks to you a second time, we'll nab him."

A plain clothes man follows the pretty girls, and for a while business was brisk. The victims were not film people. Not at all. They were people from "over town," rich men's sons attracted to Hollywood to see if they could see any actresses, and men in whose eyes any girl who works for a living and especially a movie actress is legitimate prey.

The "Coughing" Masher

ONE of the most frequently encountered types of masher is the "cougher." He spots a pretty girl who is alone, or a pair of girls, sidles up along-side and softly remarks, "ahem." Some girls who don't mind making such impromptu acquaintances look around and smile invitingly. If the girl ignores his soft "ahem," the masher concludes he didn't cough loud enough, so he repeats it. If she still ignores him, he usually quits and looks for an easier victim.

The Joker

A MORE subtle worker is the lad who approaches a woman, tips his hat politely and asks some question which is so absurd that the woman, if she has a sense of humor, often has to smile in spite of herself. A favorite "opener" is:

"I beg your pardon, but is this Hollywood?"

This chap's method is to get the girl to talking. And if he can make her smile, well, he thinks he is perfectly safe in his conquest. His manner is so ingenuous, so I'm—really—only—kidding, that it is difficult for a good-natured woman to be really icy in her refusal.

If the girl admits that it is indeed Hollywood in which they are fortunate enough to be, the masher says that being a stranger, he wasn't sure, and that he is quite a bit lonesome and hasn't had his dinner yet, and would she be kind enough to recommend a good cafe, and perhaps she would honor him by sharing his dinner with him, etc.

The Lonely Masher

THE chap "who's far away from home" who'd give anything to see a familiar face, is another well-known type of masher. He plays the sympathy game. He hums a little tune about being oh, so lonely, and then remarks out loud that he sure said a forkful then, and wouldn't she please help him spend the big roll that was in his pocket?

This sort of chap usually lands his girl—the "roll" is a potent

The masher who lights a cigarette so that the flame may light up his beauteous features.



charm—and the affair usually ends in a taxi-ride.

The Shop-Window Pest

Do you like to window-shop? Then, perhaps, if you're a girl, you have been annoyed by some man who watched you look at the "pretties" in a shop-window and started a conversation on the strength of it.

"Pretty, aren't they?" he'll say. "Which one do you like best? If you see anything you like, just say the word and it's yours, little girl."

"Little girl" is a pet name with the mashers. Sometimes they change it for "little peach," but the diminutive is always used. Probably they know how flattering it is to most women, to be called little. A woman never gets too fat nor too staid to get a real thrill out of being called affectionately a "little rascal."

The Automobile Hound

PROBABLY is nothing more potent as a bait than a nice car. A girl says to herself, "Oh, what a gorgeous night! I'd love to go for a nice, long ride. Why did I fight with Billy, anyway? His little coupe was certainly handy. . . . Oh well, guess I'll go for a little stroll."

And while she is in this frame of mind, unconsciously watching the passing stream of cars, perhaps she meets the eye of a young fellow in a racing car.

"Want a ride, girlie?" he says. "It's nice and cool out at the beach." Well, it is a nice evening and it's been a hard day at the office, so perhaps she accepts. Another triumph for the auto masher.

The Cave-Man

A MORE obnoxious type of auto masher is the man who tries to do a Valentino by actually kid-napping a girl. He sees a pretty maid walking down the street and actually tries to rush her into the car. If she calls for help, he just jumps back into the machine and speeds off.

He doesn't seem to realize that a sheik is a knock-out on the screen but is not quite so good in real life. When this happens in Hollywood, and a pretty police decoy is the "victim," the man usually repents his ardor in the jail.



A type of masher that is doing a brisk business is the chap who displays the flask in his hip pocket.

The Pocket-Flask Pest

Now that prohibition has made drinking so popular, the masher with a flask on his hip is doing a brisk business. He discreetly displays his flasks and intimates that this is only a sample of what he has and wouldn't girlie like to break out into a rash of revelry for the evening?

This reminds us of the "invalid" masher. He will sneeze a bit and then ask pathetically of a fair on-looker, "What's good for a cold?"

Sometimes he's lucky enough to have the sympathetic girl suggest a little toddy. Then he comes back with the suggestion that he knows where he can get some prime toddy, and won't she come and have some, too?

The Spot-Light Pest

THE nerviest of all the mashers is the spot-light flirt. He runs his car up to the curb and turns his head-light on the women passing by. Somewhat on the idea of a candle to attract moths. This is a very successful stunt during the warmer months.

Somewhat on the same modest order is the cigarette masher. He lights a cigarette, letting the flame light up his features. So that the ladies may see how beautiful he is! You can see that it takes great modesty yet self-confidence to put over a flirtation like this.

The Theatre Masher

THE cheapest sort of masher is the man who starts an affair, or
(Continued on page 100)



*Broadway says it is unlucky to love the beautiful Pauline Frederick.
Her pathway to fame and fortune is strewn with matrimonial wrecks.*

PHOTO BY GRENBEAUX

Is Pauline Frederick Pursued by a "Love Jinx?"

By LESLIE CURTIS

*Many Men Have Loved Her
and Evil Has Overtaken Them All*

WHAT'S the matter with Polly Frederick and her assorted husbands?

Beautiful, talented, successful, mistress of both speaking stage and screen—yet Pauline Frederick has never found happiness.

Broadway says it is unlucky to love the lovely Pauline. It is certainly true that her path to fame and fortune is punctuated with lawsuits and strewn with matrimonial wrecks.

Is Pauline to blame? Or is she pursued by some malevolent influence? She tries hard enough to find happiness, but no sooner does she seem to attain it than the bubble bursts with a loud clap of publicity.

Some people say it is too much temperament that ails Polly. Others say it is her devotion to her mother that has interfered with marriage. And still others declare that the highly-paid star cannot keep a husband because she WON'T keep one!

Is It Temperament?

EMIL CHAUTARD, eminent French director, and Albert Lina, his assistant, both of whom have worked with Miss Frederick on many pictures, are unanimous in declaring that the star is a most agreeable person around the studio.

"She is a lady of superior intelligence," says Monsieur Chautard, "generous in her praise of others, kind and considerate, and loved by everyone who works in her companies. She is too superior to be temperamental".

Some statement from one's former director, eh wot? Much more than could be said of *some* stars!

But regardless of friends or enemies, the fact remains that Pauline's life has been one of strife and

trouble, ever since her father and mother agreed to disagree when she was little more than a child. Pauline championed her mother and has been her constant companion ever since. Surely such devotion is admirable and should prove to the *quidnuncs* that she is steadfast in affection and true to her ideals.

Her First Sweetheart

HOWEVER, things never did seem to "break right" for Polly. Her very first love affair of note took place in Boston, when she was a pig-tailed school-girl, and its hero was Charles Alton Rutherford, her second cousin.

Willard Mack, husband No. 2, also actor and play-wright. Pauline divorced him, charging habits tending towards wine, women and song.

COURTESY LOS ANGELES TIMES



Rutherford was a medical student. Upon his graduation from the medical school, he went West to make his fortune, with the hope of sending soon for his little sweetheart in the city of beans and cod-fish. But this fair dream was never to come true, for pretty Polly had listened to the call of the foot-lights, and the romance with the medical student soon lost its glamor.

In the lilt and glitter of musical comedy, the stately beauty of Pauline Frederick found an attractive setting. Wealthy admirers were plentiful, but it was not until her success in *It Happened in Nordland*, several years later, that she left the stage to become the wife of Frank M. Andrews, one of New York's most prominent architects.

From her beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park, Pauline gave out interviews about her happy wedded life and her willingness to relinquish a career for the joys of domesticity. But it could not be for long.

The First Divorce

SCARCELY three years passed and *crash* went Polly's vaunted happiness. Mr. Andrews moved his vest and tooth-brush to the St. Regis and became embroiled in a series of lawsuits which threw his firm into bankruptcy.

Pauline was emphatic in declaring that she preferred love to fame, but she soon found out that luxury and idleness without love do not make happiness. She said that Andrews objected to being known as "Pauline Frederick's husband" and that he was openly bestowing his attentions elsewhere.

When he failed to provide for

her properly, Pauline secured a divorce and went back to the stage.

The Second Crash

THE next wreck in the vicinity of Pauline Frederick was that of E. R. Thomas, who attempted to back several productions in which she appeared after her break with Andrews.

It is doubtful if she had any personal interest in Thomas, other than as an "angel," for his subsequent bankruptcy, divorce and automobile disasters were laid to various other fair charmers. But he helped, in a way, to engineer her "come-back."

Thomas, once the spectacular plunger of Broadway, is now living in Europe, on a slender pittance from his once great fortune.

Polly's "love jinx" had taken a second victim.

Her Love Brought Death

IN THE cast of *The Fourth Estate*, starring the unhappy and struggling beauty, was a young actor named Thomas Thoms. Hopelessly in love with Pauline — or so it was alleged at the time—Thomas committed suicide. Whether she knew of his infatuation or not, no one knows.

Was it her "love jinx" that brought him to his death?

And Then Success!

SUCCESS meant an uphill pull until *Joseph and His Brethren* took New York by storm. As Potiphar's wife, Zuleika, Pauline grasped the hand of real fame for the first time.

Her statuesque beauty and melodious voice, together with her splendid acting, brought from the critics unstinted praise and lifted her forever away from her musical comedy past.

Pauline Frederick was made—not only a beauty, but an artiste!

Husband Number Two

THE next earthquake in Pauline's heart history was Willard Mack, the playwright; Willard Mack, husband of Marjorie Rambeau; Willard Mack, whose cloven

pen wrote plays with a reason and plays with a punch; and the self-same Willard Mack whose bouts with John Barleycorn usually terminated in trips to the hospital.

Why did Pauline Frederick turn to him? Was it the swinging of the pendulum? Who knows?

Marjorie Rambeau realized that the curtain had fallen on her wifehood, when she started for the hospital one bright day and passed her loving husband on his way home from the "cure." But how?

In the car of Pauline Frederick, with his clever cerebellum pillowed shamelessly on Pauline's shoulder!

And then the fur flew! Legally, of course, for Marjorie is too much of a lady to forget herself pugilistically, and besides, she knew Mack better than her rival. Marjorie obligingly got a divorce and several years later married Hugh Dillman, with whom she is prodigiously happy.

Polly Falls in the Pit She had Dugged

BUT poor Pauline. She discovered that a husband who will betray one wife will betray another. Soon there were green eyes—a scene in

Pauline Frederick and her latest husband, Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, whose romance was even shorter-lived than Polly's previous matrimonial encounters.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO



the theatre where Lenore Ulrich played *Tiger Rose*—and bickerings and strife over Mack's bibulous habits.

Mack says Polly knew he drank when she married him. But another romance ended in the divorce court after an especially hectic scene.

Many claim that Polly still loves Mack. The newspapers announced the possibility of another marriage with him, and Pauline did not deny it, *until Mack took another tumble from the water wagon.* This was less than a year after their divorce. Pauline was obviously disgusted and Mack dramatically turned the tables by marrying Mrs. Beatrice Stone of Utah.

From Broadway to Hollywood

IN THE meantime, Pauline's habitat had been changed to Hollywood, and the daughter of Broadway's white lights became a lover of the great out-of-doors. Higher and higher rose her star in the film firmament. Her contracts called for a salary which surpassed her wildest imaginings.

A thousand dollars a day she earned. The weekly pay envelopes brought a wonderful mansion in the foothills, cars and servants galore (luxury that Frank Andrews could never have tendered) and with it all, the free and healthy life of the far west.

Pauline Frederick learned to love horses. She used to hold great rodeos on her estate, where the cowboys of the movies performed for the benefit of various charities. Polly herself affected the cowgirl costume and learned to throw a lariat. She looked years younger. Apparently she had found happiness in the outdoor world.

But no! There must be another disaster!

A Romance Re-opened

IN SEATTLE, Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, middle-aged physician, read of his first sweetheart and her hospitable residence in Southern California. Curious as to what the years had done to
(Continued on page 98)



ANNA Q. NILSSON
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



CHARLES RAY
PHOTO BY HOOVER



RUTH CLIFFORD
PHOTO BY PARALTA



COLLEEN MOORE

PHOTO BY EVANS

Four-Flushers of the Films

BLUFF! Hollywood is builded upon it. Just how much success in the film colony depends upon a "front" is explained by

ATHENE FARNSWORTH

THE NEXT generation of Hollywood folk is likely to grow up in a state of chronic skepticism—the product of present conditions.

Even the youngsters know a bluff when they see one. An unusually gorgeous costume is likely to elicit the remark, "Well, that dress *may* have cost a thousand dollars, but I bet *she* rented it at Lady Jane's."

Or a little boy on the corner, seeing a super-six flashing by, "Gee, that's a humdinger of a boat, but it'll be in the junk shop 'fore it's paid for. He's just a big bluff—blows so much it's all wind."

The Hotel Bluff

IF YOU don't want to receive the cold and fishy eye, don't register at any southern California hotels with a fleet of bags and boxes. A traveler whose sole luggage is his toothbrush is received with greater hospitality than the ostentatiously affluent stranger. It's cash in advance with the latter.

Until hotel proprietors got wise through sad experience, they went on the theory the more luggage, the more money. And incidentally, the more credit. But not so now. You can well be thankful, when you show up at a Hollywood hotel, if the manager doesn't put you through a customhouse inspection, to see if your expensive-looking luggage contains a wardrobe or a bale of hay. They're tired of locking the barn door after the horse is stolen.

The sheaf of unpaid bills at the Hollywood hotels looks like the collection of rejection slips of the amateur scenario writer. They took the Four-Flusher at his face value.

A car-load of bags, a trunk or two, a valet and an 'air' . . . that

used to be all that was necessary in lieu of weeks and weeks of board and room and service.

It was then very simple indeed to slip off to spend "the week-end" at Tia Juana or Coronado with your valet and pet wardrobe trunk. Suspicion was completely allayed by the showy luggage left behind.

But ah, the awakening, when the alligator bags turned out, on inspection, to be varnished paper, containing . . . nothing!

She Loved Her Family

A ONCE high-and-mighty star has a beautiful big home, one of the show-places pointed out by the drivers of rubber-neck wagons, and jokingly called the State Capitol. She is supposed to be a fond daughter, lavishing her wealth on her family.

But rumor has it that the beloved family is residing in a modest little cottage on the rear of the lot, while the palatial mansion is rented out to increase the lady's pin money. Even filial devotion is sometimes a bluff in Hollywood.

Hollywood Climbers

INFLUENCED by the proximity of make-believe, young girls in Hollywood seem unusually susceptible. Any handsome young stranger can get by with the story that he is a heavy stockholder in an Eastern film company.

From an ambitious young girl's point of view, he is desirable because he may be able to get her into pictures. From his point of view, Papa's bank-roll is desirable. Once married to such a bit of fluff, Easy Street is in sight. And so they proceed to bluff each other.

Such a compact came to grief recently almost at the altar. The groom-to-be thought he was sitting pretty. He had used his prospective father-in-law's name to identify generous drafts; once married, Papa would back him up to save his daughter's good name.

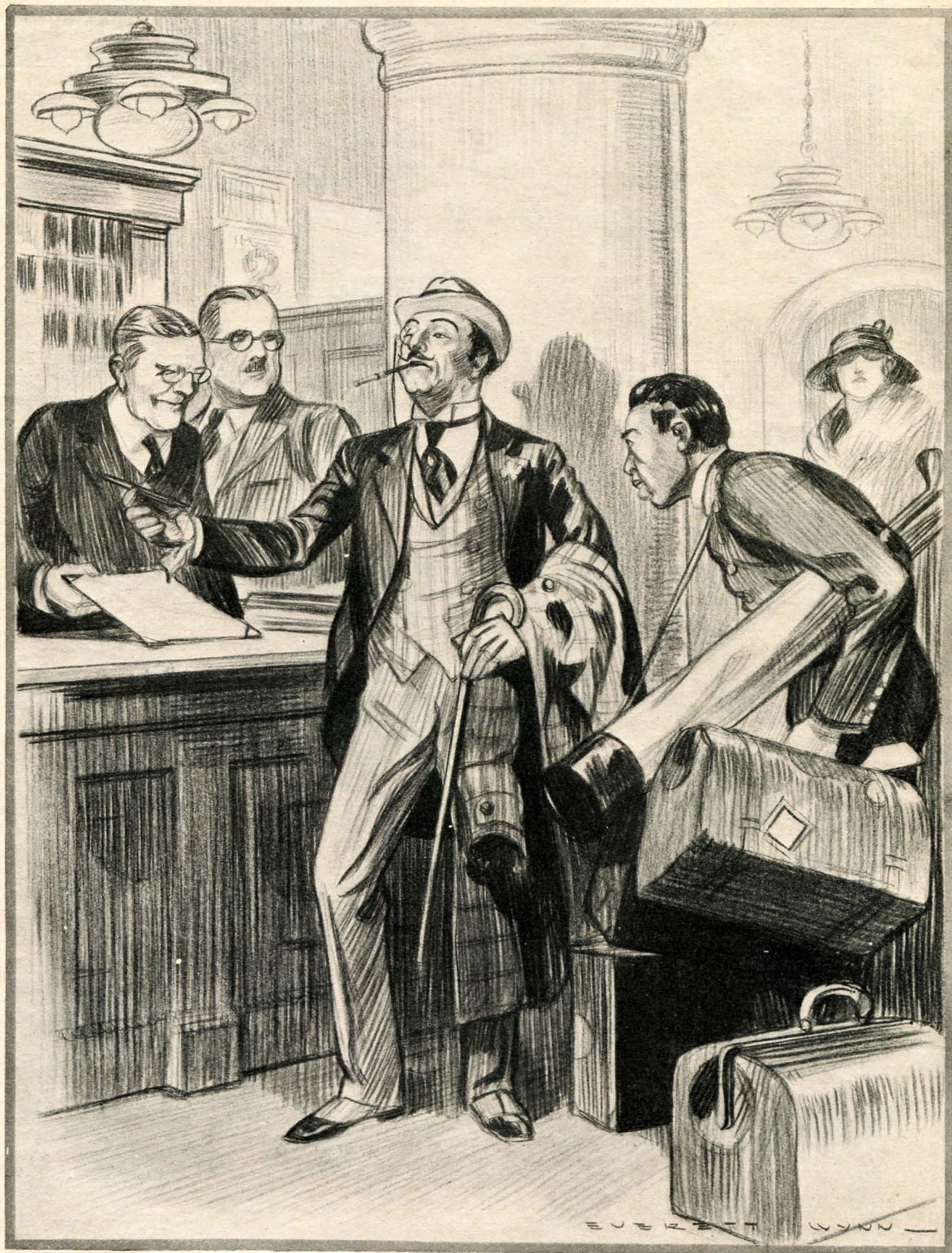
But the law worked a little more swiftly than usual. The little bride found her chance for fame locked behind the bars. Forgery is really without the pale.

The High-Ups Bluff, Too

FOUR-FLUSHING is not confined to climbers. You encounter it in the upper ranks, too. In one company, known to be on the verge of bankruptcy, production was held up four days by the whim of a vice-president, who insisted that all the seats in the reception room should just fit him. The studio carpenters had to change them until they did.

Again, this same lordly vice-president fired all his office help and sent posthaste to an agency to supply him with expert typists, stenographers and bookkeepers. AND THEY ALL MUST BE BRUNETTES, WEIGHING A CERTAIN NUMBER OF POUNDS AND BE THE SAME HEIGHT. The agency wanted to know if they had to wear the same size shoe and have a similar number of fillings in their teeth.

Still catering to the same vanity, electric bells were installed, a railing put about the receptionist's desk, and a number of trick connecting doors arranged. Every caller must be announced to about five different subordinates before he could reach the sanctum of his lordship. Whether or not this was to sift out bill collectors, as the spiteful



If you don't want to receive the cold and fishy eye, don't register at a Hollywood hotel with a fleet of bags and boxes. That is the trade-mark of the hotel deadbeat.

said, or to please the v. p.'s ego, is unknown. Probably both.

Bluffing the Gatekeeper

THE *Positively No Admittance* signs on the studio doors have proven a menace to the "honesty is the best policy" theory. All of our best little bluffers take up the challenge laid down by the sign. Every bluff from fake newspaper cards to toy detective badges have been foisted on the poor doorkeeper. The near-relative story and the home-town interviewer tale have been worked to death. Nothing short of a finger-print identification will work now.

A New Thrill

Nor long ago, Hollywood almost had a new thrill. A fascinating woman appeared on the scene with the announcement that she was the great D. W. Griffith's personal designer, and that she had come on ahead to gather ideas.

Aha, the film colony pepped up at the news that Griffith was at last come to a sense of his duty to the old home-town. He was coming back to Hollywood! The lady took up her residence at a private boarding place. The best people of the film colony showed her around. Some of the companies, with that peculiar human weakness for wanting what someone else has, bid for her services, offering handsome sums to tempt her away.

"No, really, I couldn't accept," she cooed. "I'd love to work with you people, you have such a remarkable organization . . . but I have promised Mr. Griffith not to tie up with anybody else, and my word has always been beyond reproach."

And the high officials of the companies would have their whole day spoiled because he had not been able to shake the honesty of this faithful worker.

Then the banks began to call up the film magnates who had been given as references for madame's checks.

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed. It was perfectly okeh, I'm sure. I'd stand back of it."

At the boarding place, madame made many friends. Her Pierce-Arrow was at the service of the other guests. Her little boy was no more

obstreperous than all little boys. Madame was generous, would order largely and treat whole groups. When time for payment came, she would flash a fifty-dollar bill. Usually it could not be changed, so some thoughtful soul would immediately come forth with a loan of twenty.

Never Repeated Herself

Madame was diplomatic. This byplay was never enacted twice with the same people.

One day Madame was mortified terribly. At the dinner-table that night little Sonny suddenly piped up, "Oh, mama, I forgot to ask. Who was that man who was in our room last night?"

A dreadful silence followed this annoying faux pas. Children are so tactless. The hostess of the boarding place showed a regrettable lack of sympathy and the next day Madame turned up missing.

Her board bill was unpaid. She must have forgotten it in her hasty exit. Her friends began to compare notes; not one had escaped lending her money. Her numerous bags were examined. Tissue paper, a couple of horseshoes for weight and odds and ends of worn-out finery filled them.

Checks began to come back to the banks, and the bankers in turn called on her loyal backers. Then, fireworks!

Tracers went out. They could follow her trail backward, but find her they could not. A little henna, a transformation, a new line of talk and a different occupation to suit the region in which she "works" are all that are necessary to her.

A Bluffer's Paradise

BECAUSE of the fabled hokum in the movies, some people think they can get by with murder in Hollywood. They aren't so far from right, at that. A plugged dime and an important air gets a man by if he watches his step, and can pull something new. Sometimes it isn't even wit so much as plain, unadulterated nerve.

The extra girl with her clothes just the right word and the proper amount of "come hither" in her eye gets the attention if it is backed by a know-it-all air. Sarah Bernhardt in a simple frock and reticent mood

would only get: "Go back to the farm, kid. Hollywood's no place for a greenie."

Imagination Rules the World

IN ONE of the big publicity offices in Hollywood this slogan looks down from the walls: "Imagination rules the world."

This theory is the motif of the film folk. The "arrived" actors give the novices advice like this:

"Go and register. If you've any friends inside, make them help you. Tell the casting director and everybody who'll listen that you've had stage experience. Tell 'em you've been in the Follies. Put up a front, kid, put up a front."

And oh, how they take the advice to heart!

The Convent-Bred Extra

ONE girl with blonde hair, twice removed (henna and black being its respective stages) came into our midst so pure and innocent. She was the sister of an ambassador from one of the Balkan states to a far-distant British colonies. Very aristocratic. Elinor Glyn would have delighted in her. She was 'educated in a convent' and had only recently run away from home and her people to carve out a career in the films.

It was a lovely story, romantic with bits of local color; her convent was situated near the sands of the Sahara. We pictured a nice Rodolphesque sheik lurking beneath the convent wall.

Anyway—When the little aristocrat began her rounds of the studios and discovered that jobs did not grow like raspberries to be picked by the cupful, the role of convent miss became suddenly irksome. Either somebody had told her that gentility gets you nowhere in Hollywood or else it was only a veneer that soon wore off, because the convent English began to be pepped up with a more colorful *argot*, never taught by the good sisters of any order. In fact, it smacked loudly of Pacific street and the Barbary Coast.

In an unguarded moment she mentioned her third husband. As she went from studio to studio, she began manufacturing stories, a different fable to each director. When she finally waylaid Allan Dwan, who is from the ould sod, she posed

as Irish and also gave her name as Dwan . . . didn't that give them something in common?

The Wealthy Debutante

ANOTHER screen aspirant among the extras was by her own confession a wealthy debutante from the East. She didn't need the money. It was just her soul development she was striving for. She appeared in an imported model gown and carried a magnificent gold jeweled mesh-bag. Later it was discovered that the "undies" underneath the gown were borrowed from her roommate and the bag contained nothing but a lip-stick and rouge compact.

Why do they do it? It's the old disease of four-flushing magnified to the nth degree. Along with the bite of the movie bug comes the accompanying fever of bluff. Some of them manufacture such a host of imaginary attributes that they themselves are unable to clearly distinguish fact from the fiction. When a liar believes his own lies, he is in the last stage.

We're All Opportunists

USING one's friends is the chief indoor sport of moviedom. To know a chap who knows a chap on the inside is the first step toward the magic circle. Friends are chosen by one qualification: Can they help me?

This selfish system undermines the whole social system, making cynics of the best and hypocrites of the worst. Motives are always suspected. These same friends, when your usefulness to them is passed, snub you to a fare-you-well.

Which reminds us of a fluffy blonde who was ambitious. She would be a star or know the reason why! Her blonde loveliness attracted the attention of a male star of western comedies. He was older than she by many years, old enough to be her father. But she smiled upon him, accepted his attentions, even became engaged to him. He made her his leading lady, took her to Europe with him and showered gifts upon her. Then, with her place in Hollywood established, she was offered a very attractive contract. She needed her mature sweetheart no more. Now she was free to accept the attentions of a younger and handsomer lover.

How To Be a Star

A LARGE, bustling, dictatory woman, the typical movie mother, has come to Hollywood with her daughter, a pretty girl. With loud blaring of trumpets, she has announced that she has independent means to star her daughter. She is only waiting to secure a suitable director and story.

If the directors and scenarists that wait upon her daily could know the truth, how chagrined they would be. For the lady is in such financial straits that she offered to do the cooking at her boarding place, in exchange for her board.

Another mother who will surely make her way in the world by sheer assurance, tells everybody that her daughter is to be starred by Fox. When questioned as to contracts, she admits naively that she hasn't signed any contract, but the girl is going to have a camera test soon and if the test is satisfactory Fox will star the child. "She has a letter from a theatre man back home," she says. Poor guileless woman! It takes more than a camera test and a letter from a theatre man back home to make a star.

Caste is Part of the Bluff

CASTE is supposed to be a part of ritual in India, but it flourishes quite nicely in southern California. Studio etiquette reads this way: Star speaks to producer and director; leading lady speaks to star, producer and director; supporting leads are slightly more democratic, being permitted occasionally to drop a kind word now and then to the assistant director. And so on down the line.

It is told that a certain foreign star was so insulted at being spoken to on the street by her camera man that she tried to have him fired. This was a great lack of insight on the star's part, as it is generally conceded quite essential to keep "in good" with the camera man. The photographer can make a star look like the wrath of God if he wants to.

This state of affairs is not limited to stars. The extra girl who is graduated into "bits" takes on caste and begins to upstage the "atmosphere." From then on, even though the poor girl starves to death, she cannot take extra parts without losing caste.

The Up-Stage Actress

ONE more aspect of the genus professional folk. There is an attractive girl, an English actress, who had been out of work so long that it was the worry of all her friends. She herself had come to a point where she was willing to accept anything to help pay for her room. One day a friend who had influential theatrical friends got wind of an interesting opening in a company that was to open soon in a Los Angeles legitimate theatre. She left her own job and ran home to tell the little actress about the tip and to introduce her to the producer. She went to no end of trouble to arrange a meeting and pulled all the wires at her command to help land the plum. Well, she landed the job for the actress; a lead role at \$100 a week.

Things looked very rosy now for the actress, but all at once, oh, dearie me . . . suddenly she began to upstage her other friends. Even the girl who got her the job. Newly acquired airs annoyed her erstwhile companions most outrageously. She certainly put on the dog!

When she's "broke," she's the best of company, genial and full of fun. When she's "flush" . . . touch-me-not!

For that is the way of the four-flusher. Use your friends as stepping stones. Don't be sentimental enough to be "entangled" in any permanent friendships.

Pseudo-success is like bootleg whisky. There's an awful kick to "white mule." But oh, boy, the reaction!

Some Actresses Have Short Memories

ONCE upon a time there was a pretty little red-haired bathing beauty. Then success came to her. She got a fine contract on a "drama" lot. She acquired hauteur with the years.

All the great folk and not-so-great folk of filmdom were attending a brilliant ball. The ex-bathing girl was accosted by a friend of former years, not so far advanced along the ladder of fame as herself. "Well, dearie, how's everything?" the friend asked cordially.

An icy where-have-I-met-this-person-before glance met her.

(Continued on page 92)



Petticoat Politics in the Movies

*A continuation of Screenland's expose of
Boudoir Politics in Hollywood.*

broke. On the other hand, she will make him a mint of money, provided she has that mysterious and potent element in her composition.

And who knows better than the producer himself? Can he be blamed if he judges the public by his own reactions toward the actress? And is it not natural, since such topics are always uppermost in all discussions in Hollywood, that the producer ally himself with the star to whom he is attracted? No one is astonished if he does. A love affair between a star and her producer is the most ordinary situation in Hollywood. It is much more rare to find a producer and a favorite star who do not feel attracted to each other.

Sometimes the cart comes before the horse. The producer, living the free, untrammelled life of Hollywood, has enjoyed a love affair with a pretty woman. Maybe the affair is one of rather ancient history, in the days before the producer went into the movies. He finds it hard to break with his sweetheart, and a fresher and younger face has taken her place. What more easy than to give the old flame a place in the movies, her chance to make good, and his chance to square an old debt?

Fading Love Lights

IF THE lovelight has entirely faded, the star finds herself a star in name only, and up against the serious problem of making good without much assistance. The pro-

ducer feels very virtuous over having given her her chance. And he is most thoroughly through with her. A merry game of hearts is played by some of our more susceptible producers. If his heart is engaged by a beauty who flouts him, who gets all she can out of him without return, he suddenly elevates another beauty to stardom, playing one against the other. One such case resulted disastrously for the first star, for the producer liked her successor's brunette beauty so well that he permanently—or as permanently as most such affairs are—changed his heart address. The discarded beauty found herself sitting high and dry on a starring contract, with the interest of the producer withdrawn, and publicity hard to obtain, for the producer was concentrating on the new favorite. The best stories, the choicest publicity, the lavish production, went to the new star, and the former favorite lost out almost completely. The producer finally bought off her contract, and the star has retired from pictures. She was a "love star," pure and simple—not so pure, perhaps, but simple, for she let the other star take her "angel" away from her.

Star Murders Star

SO BITTER is this war for supremacy in this fleeting game of youth and sex and publicity, that the casualties are noted daily. There is no more ruthless murderess than the star who goes gunning for

PROBABLY in no other field of industry is sex the dominant factor that it is in the movies. Business men in other lines pride themselves on keeping sex out of their business life. Many successful men will not have a woman in their employ who has any sex attraction for them, no matter how well they may believe themselves in control of that element.

But in the motion picture industry, sex is recognized as the keystone of the structure. Many—or most—of the stars achieve stardom as a reward for kisses, or as a bribe for favors they may be coaxed into bestowing. Since every producer looks at every prospective star from the box office standpoint, it is natural for him to ask, "Has she sex appeal?" If she hasn't, she will be a dud, a drug on the market, a reason why producers go

another star, bent upon forcing her out of the game. All sorts of advantages are taken, and, in the very nature of the business, most of the advantages are sex advantages. Adroitly phrased gossip, placed with masterly cunning, has been known to be slow poison to a star in the making.

On one lot recently a fair new star dawned overnight. Her work in one of the really fine sentimental pictures of the year was such that critics prostrated themselves in absolute surrender to her childish fresh charms. She was so utterly beautiful and so genuinely charming, and so splendid a little actress withal, that magazine and newspaper critics stampeded in their efforts to beat each other to the forecast that this little girl would be one of the big bets of the year. The producers, with their ears to the ground of public opinion, harkened and made a star of her right off. She was not ready for stardom, quite, for she was very young and inexperienced.

Immediately the little new star became the storm center of a bitter war. The other stars on that well-known lot seemed to form a mutual protective agency against the little star, who was "so new and all." Opposition became so thick you could cut it with a butter knife. All love pulls were operated to the fullest extent. The favorite of the king—beg pardon, the producer—went to his majesty and demanded that, if he wanted her to continue happy and gracious, he minimize his efforts in behalf of the new little queen. The director assigned the baby star was in love with one of the reigning stars. It was easy to influence him against the demure little Cinderella. The weight of opposition to any measure of success for the new star penetrated even into the scenario department. At any event, poor stories were O.K.'d, feeble continuities were written, and poor direction resulted. The only person who did not seem to share in the general conspiracy was the photographer who took closeups of the star. They were startlingly beautiful, and went far to take the curse off the poor productions which went out with her name as star. Now the little star is cooling her heels in her dressing room, reading Freud

and poetry, and wondering just what is wrong with her. She told me sadly that she supposed it was because she lacked "sex appeal."

One big element against her in her short but bitter struggle to keep her pretty head above the water was that she was really as pure as an infant, as clean as a New England attic and as guileless as little Eva. A very easy combination to wreck with petticoat politics.

Trips to Order

PETTICOAT politics are not always played for high stakes by the stars. Sometimes the gain is almost ludicrous. But the stars have learned so well the rules of the game that they play it almost instinctively.

Interviewing Gloria Swanson, in her dressing room. I shared the glorious presence with two other men, Wesley Ruggles, her director, and Joseph Shelby, LeVino scenario writer. They were discussing a prospective picture, *Zaza*, on which Mr. LeVino was preparing continuity.

"I want some good foreign atmosphere in my next one, and plenty of love interest. Having an old husband in *Beyond the Rocks* almost spoiled the love interest in that one. And what about travel?"

"Well, there'll be pretty scenery," Mr. LeVino answered. "Venice, you know—canals, and all like that. Gondolas, and moonlight. Plenty of chance for love interest."

"Write me a trip in," Gloria smiled on the writer sweetly. "I am just dying to take a trip abroad. Make it so we will have to go to Venice, won't you?"

Mr. LeVino promised to "write in a trip."

Maybe Gloria will some day get to take that trip for which she engineered so successfully. Then again, maybe she won't. Mr. LeVino may write it in, and Mr. Director may write it out. Or maybe so changing is the life of the studio from day to day, maybe Mr. LeVino will not write the story at all, and maybe the one who does will fix it up so that Venice's noble canals will flow through Lasky's lot.

One famous well-dressed star is said to demand only one thing of her pictures—that they permit her to wear a striking wardrobe and at

least two score different costumes. A famous story, later made by another star into one of the most successful pictures of the year, was submitted to her royal highness. Without reading it she asked, "What kind of wardrobe does it call for?"

The scenarist, whose heart was set on making the book into a faithful screen version, preserving the spirit of the original, replied that she would have to wear simple country-girl costumes for at least two-thirds of the play, but he hastened to assure her that she could dress up to her heart's content in the final reels.

The star flushed with anger. "I wear country-girl costumes for four or five reels? I should say not! You can find something else. I won't touch it!"

"But the story is one of the most famous and popular books of the decade. It has had a tremendous circulation, and the role gives you unlimited chance to act. Real emotional stuff, you know," he concluded lamely, for the star's eyes were blazing.

"Act? Who wants to see me act? If I screw up my face to cry, the audience says 'she didn't look very pretty in that scene.' No, my man, give me a chance to wear gorgeous clothes, and you won't have anything to worry about."

The Prize Lemon

IN A FIT of generosity or when his conscience felt particularly tender, one leading producer gave a starring contract to a woman who had given him the sunshine of her smile for quite a long while. Her starring contract came right after she had made good in a lavish production, a super-special, in which she had been cast almost accidentally. The featured player had been a slight little girl who could not wear a certain headdress and evening gown with enough dignity to put the scene over. On the scene depended the success of the picture, a sort of Cinderella story on a grand scale. The producer's lady happened to walk into the set at the psychological moment, wearing her clothes with regal beauty. She was looking particularly well that day, and the distracted director pounced upon

her. The producer was delighted, and urged her to do her best. His interest in her, which had been waning, was magically revived, and he watched with much pleasure her successful handling of the role. The starring contract followed, but immediately a distressing situation revealed itself.

The star could not act. She could not get her personality over. She was so difficult to find stories for that several scenario heads lost their jobs in rapid succession. Readers haunted the public library, going back into ancient literature hoping for a play that would bring out *something* in that unscreenable personality. They are still at it. The studio cats have meowed her death song, but she hasn't heard it.

Still, she is on the look-out for a chance to feather her nest, now that the patronage of the producer has been withdrawn. A cynic said to her, quoting from a story in a cynical magazine, "Hollywood is the paradise of rich men's mistresses."

The star retorted, "Find me a rich man."

The Comedian Who Exacts Love Tribute

COMEDIES are often much funnier in the making than they are in the finished product. In fact, if the little love comedies that take place on some of the lots could be filmed, the old bathing beauty battles would look tame. One comedian, uncouth, small and homely, is said to exact love tribute from every leading lady. He changes leads with every picture, now that he and his "steady" have broken up. The "steady" held a record for pictures with the little love pirate, but during the life of the affair the comedian's home was completely broken up. His wife and children are now in the east, and as a lonely bachelor he entertains lavishly, having as hostess the leading lady of the current picture. He is stepping high, wide and handsome, but his stepping days may soon be over, for his life outside the studio uses up so much of his time and energy that he has little brains and pep to devote to the serious business of making screen comedies.

Petticoat Diplomacy

VERY occasionally, in this game of hearts and knaves, the girl holds the trumps, wins the pot and keeps her reputation—and her virtue.... But these are the clever ones, who know the foibles of the masculine mind, know how to say "Come hither" and then are able to croon, "no farther," without driving the man away.

One such wise one determined to get on in pictures without sacrificing herself. And many do, of course. But this particular girl had sex appeal to an extraordinary extent, and knew it. She skilfully made use of her weapon, but saw that its point was never turned into her own breast.

She started her career as an extra, in the good old accepted way. With real beauty and that potent sex appeal, she was destined to rise. Her first opportunity came when the casting director told her he had her in mind for a certain part. She eagerly accepted, but he told her he would like to have her come to his apartment to talk it over. She asked him so prettily to come to her house, that he consented, and was beautifully entertained by—her mother. The girl demurely listened in on the genteel conversation which ensued. The mother thought he was such a nice man.

A day or two later the casting director called and asked her to take dinner with him—at a roadhouse. She said she was just dying to go out with him, but wouldn't he take her to Marcell's, where they could

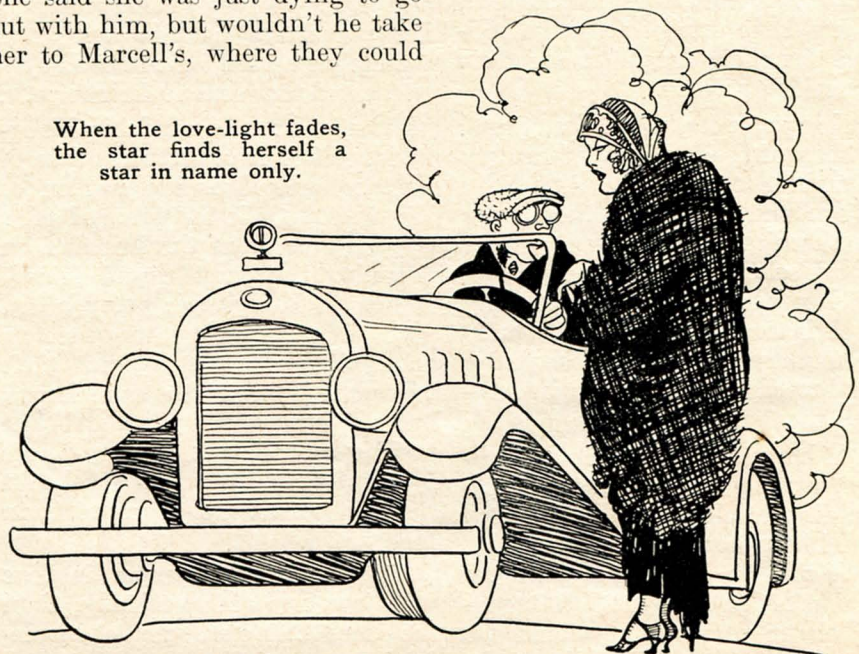
dance? There was nothing for him to do but to take her to the downtown cafe—all perfectly proper. Then he asked her again to his apartment to read the script, so she could get an idea of the play. She stalled him off even on that issue, and finally landed the part without having given the man even a kiss. She kept him in such a mellow, expectant mood that he hardly realized he had been done—until he saw his lovely little protege out with the director of the picture!

Playing petticoat diplomacy is sometimes so hard on a girl! And she even has to hurt a man occasionally—a man who has been so sweet to her!

The game is to choose a man higher up. To the extra, an assistant director looks like God. So the extra, desirous of getting on, vamps the assistant director, and, if he falls for her charms, and the competition is so keen that it is a thousand to one shot that he won't, she plays him until she gets a good chance in the picture he is helping to direct. If she makes good and is given a part, she immediately begins to play the director, or someone else even higher up.

Becoming a star, she aims higher and higher, until in her wake are many bleeding hearts. The bleeding hearts are largely mythical, but occasionally a real tragedy surprises and chastens Hollywood.

When the love-light fades,
the star finds herself a
star in name only.



The Tragedy of Age

A SERIAL star, a man of about forty, who is still the god of the small boy, fell in love with a pretty little extra on his lot and made her his leading lady. The star wanted to marry her, for he is a widower, and one of the really honorable men of the film colony. The star took pleasure in seeing his young daughter chumming with the girl he hoped to marry. Then suddenly the girl got a wider vision. A director told her she should be in drama, and indicated his interest in her and his willingness to engineer a career for her. The older man's devotion and invaluable aid of the past were forgotten instantly, it seemed. The girl is now trying her best, with the help of love politics, to get into drama. The serial star is without his leading lady, but another queen has taken her place—the somber, queen, tragedy. The girl may go far, for she has beauty and personality, but she will never win a greater devotion or a kinder heart than she has discarded for the sake of ambition.

He Wouldn't Play

AS IN every other business, the great heads of the motion picture industry, as they feel old age and impotency creeping upon them, yearn to keep the power and wealth they have earned in their own family. Often a daughter is the only heir. And from time immemorial, fathers have sought to make alliances for their daughters for their own selfish reasons.

A big producer, one of the "grand old men of the industry," has only a daughter to carry on. And sadly enough the girl lacks those very traits which would further her father's schemes. She is not pretty; she has the sort of personality which is the despair of match-making mothers and of eligible young men brought willy-nilly to the marriage market.

But her father, secure in his millions, arranged a marriage which, according to all the rules he knew, should have worked out beautifully. There was in his employ, in the position of highest trust, an engaging, clever young man, whom the old millionaire had literally made,

from a nobody into very much of a somebody in the industry. Unknown to the boy, the old man was really making himself a son-in-law. When the news was finally broken to the clever youth, who had thought that his amazing promotions had been due to his own ability and the love the old man had for him, the boy was utterly bewildered. It is said that in his confusion, and with self-interest and a loathing to hurt the old man, in his decent young mind, the boy agreed to the marriage, and the unattractive girl and the very attractive youngster became engaged.

Then suddenly, without warning, the boy left the organization to which he had apparently become heir, and no explanations were given. It is definitely known, however, that the pair are not engaged, if indeed they ever were, and that the old man is almost heart-broken over the failure of his plans. It is said that he was genuinely fond of the boy, whom he regarded almost as a son. But no one in Hollywood blames the boy for his decision.

Appealing to Hays

PROBABLY nowhere else except in the upper social circles of a large city, are so many women living with husbands whom they know to be unfaithful as in Hollywood. Occasionally, however, one of these wronged wives takes matters in her own hands, and the fur flies thick and fast. Wives of big men in Hollywood are held in a state of quiescence by the logic of their husbands and the pleas of their friends. "There is so much scandal in Hollywood. Stick it out, for the sake of the profession," is the burden of the request made the wronged wife, by everyone from the husband on down to the most casual friend. Hence, in Hollywood, many of the producers and their wives, directors and their wives, stars and their wives, are living in the same house, but as strangers. Our old-time novelists loved that phrase, "Wife in name only," but it certainly fits a large percentage of consorts in Hollywood.

But one woman, more in love with her husband, probably, than the others, more ashamed of his defection, especially "at his age,"

determined to put a stop to the absurd and heart-breaking business. A near-star, a Follies girl slated for stardom in the near future, by one of the most powerful companies, has succeeded in ingratiating her pretty little self completely into the good graces of one of the staunchest directors of the whole lot. It is probably his first fall from grace. But then, he is at the "dangerous age," when men are likely to become the tools of pretty, designing girls.

This director has the honor of making most of the big special productions for the aforesaid company. And lately into every one of his productions he has put the lovely little temptress, who, by the way, is a good actress and a perfectly good screen bet. But whether she fits the role or not, the second feminine lead was always given to her. Sometimes she outshone the star. At last the director took a company to New York, for the filming of a big special, and the pretty temptress, as a member of the cast, went along, too.

The Wife Was Not Blind

THE wife was not blind to the situation. In fact, the director was spoken of rather pityingly at the studio as the latest victim of the Follies beauty. She protested at the girl's inclusion into the cast to be taken to New York, but lost her argument. Men at the dangerous age are seldom inclined to listen to a middle-aged wife's pleadings and warnings.

From New York the rumors traveled westward thick and fast. Malicious tongues seem to take a peculiar delight in informing wives of their husband's indiscretions. At last, in desperation, the wife wrote an appeal to Will Hays, "czar" of the movies, or so she thought him, believing that the champion coiner of platitudes could alleviate a situation such as she found herself and her husband in.

She told him, in effect, that if he wanted to earn a trifle of that hundred thousand dollar salary he was getting, he could do so, and save the film industry another big scandal. She told him point blank, or so her friends tell me, that if he didn't send the disturbing element home,

(Continued on page 88)



Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford were married with all the nuptial trimmings at the Fairbanks' home, "Pickfair."

Going to Bat with Cupid

Which work out the best, church weddings or elopements? Is the nuptial knot tied by vested priest more binding than the Justice of the Peace's bond?

By BETTY MORRIS

SOME marriages take. And then again, some don't.

In a land of make-believe, sensitized to feel and thus portray emotion, the actors and actresses of the silversheet marry often and sometimes unwisely.

Too frequently a momentary attachment, bred of propinquity, is mistaken for a real love, which only the morning after garbs in its drab moments of realism.

The children of the make-believe land are too keenly attuned to romance. They live too much in the flickering spotlight of imagery; the awakening to the beef-steak and curl-papers of reality shatters the faint illusion of love that they have created for themselves.

Impetuous Marriages Result in Heart-break

USUALLY it is the impetuous marriage that ends in heart-break. The

ship that is launched too quickly goes on the rocks. Then perhaps some sympathetic heart will come along to salvage the wreck and patch it together again for another matrimonial trip. Hollywood Beach is strewn with such flotsom.

One thinks of Who's Whose today—not yesterday.

Glance over the celebrated marriages of filmdom's idols. Pick out those that culminated from long friendships and sincere understanding. You will unerringly put your finger on the marriage that endures.

The Meighans, Friends Though Married

WITNESS the Thomas Meighans, friends long before they trod the altar-path. And, stranger still, friends for the thirteen years since then, our prize specimens.

The Vidor, too. Florence Arto

and King Vidor were married in their little home town in Texas and—so the story goes—came to Hollywood in a rattle-trap Ford, carrying all their worldly possessions, a rifle and their ambitions.

Keaton-Talmadge Romance

THE Buster Keaton-Natalie Talmadge romance culminated a friendship of many years duration.

"Gay at my wedding?" the mournful countenance of Buster grew still more lugubrious at the mere suggestion. "Foolish infant! Have you ever had a wedding when everything went wrong and the groom got pinched?"

"I assure you," I replied huffily, "I haven't had any kind of a wedding. And I certainly would not permit anybody to pinch the gro

...."
"You get me wrong, infant," re-

plied Buster. "I was pinched for speeding. Natalie and I had not met for four years, but we had been corresponding. It was a sort of mail-order marriage, I guess. I popped the question via Mr. Morse's well known wire and was accepted. The wedding was to take place at Bay-side, Long Island, Norma Talmadge's summer home.

"I was hitting it up right merrily, approaching the fatal moment with joy," and his eyes almost dripped tears at the gay memory, "when along came a cop. I told him who I was but he proved adamant. It is possible he didn't like my pictures. But when I informed him of the impending event, he relented and let me proceed.

Loves the Ring

"ALAS, my troubles were not over. The ring proved to be undiscoverable. Gone, vanished, vamoosed, you comprehend? We called a recess and all of us—even the parson—knelt in prayerful repose to search the floor. Presently the ring was found in my vest pocket, so the debate proceeded."

Dorothy and Connie Eloped

SOME, like the combined Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge elopements with James Rennie and John Pialoglou, the Greek tobacconist, had nothing to do one Sunday afternoon in December, 1920, so they eloped to Greenwich, Conn., came home and were duly forgiven. Dorothy's romance with James seems destined to last forever. "I married him before I had time to think," Dorothy said afterwards. "But if I had thought I'd have married him anyway."

But the other duo soon found themselves at the cross-roads. Their separation took place April 5, 1921. Connie got her divorce in six minutes flat when she told the nice judge her troubles. Another instance of a brief, glorious passion flickering into gray ashes, like the stub of a discarded cigarette.

Valentino Marriage Too Hasty

"I WEDDED too hastily," Rudolph Valentino admitted, when his romance with Jean Acker had dwindled to the sordid realism of the divorce-court. But his sorely-wounded heart finding solace in the sympathy of Natacha Rambova (nee Winifred Shaughnessy) haste again marked his capture of a mate.

A swift trip to Mexicali, over the border, on May 13, 1922. A hurried wedding. A brief honeymoon which both denied later had been other than a platonic week-end communion. Then trouble—arrest—temporary parting until the year of grace has elapsed.

Leatrice Joy's Wedding

LEATRICE JOY and Jack Gilbert also sought the peace and seclusion

No bride was ever more lovely than Mary Pickford when she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.



of a week-end in Mexico's Gretna Green, for their honeymoon. But as a result of a legal mix-up, they don't know whether they're married or not and have agreed to be only friends until they can make sure with another ceremony.

A three-day courtship resulted in Jack's first marriage, in 1918. When their happiness broke into tiny pieces, the judge, on December 22, 1921, decided it could never be glued together again. Two weeks after the interlocutory degree was granted to the first Mrs. Gilbert came the week-end trip to Mexico. And now Jack says that as soon as Leatrice returns from New York they'll do it all over again. But not in Mexico.

Re-Takes Are Necessary

THESE matrimonial re-takes are often necessary. Harry Carey first married Olive Fuller Golden in Oatman, Arizona, in January, 1920, before his decree had become final, and then had to have the party all over again in San Francisco on March 4th, 1921.

One of the swiftest courtships on record was Tom Moore's wooing of lovely little Renee Adoree. They met on the breath of the New Year of 1921 in New York City. They were married on the twelfth of the following February, in the drawing-room of Tom's Beverly Hills home. Mabel Normand was maid of honor and Jack Pickford was best-man.

Reene wore a suit of gray Scotch tweed and carried red roses, and Tom placed on her finger, instead of the usual platinum circulet, a plain gold band, by his wife's orders.

At the bridal breakfast at a Pasadena inn, Alice Lake, May Allison, Edna Purviance, Lottie Pickford and Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton were present.

The honeymoon was spent in Honolulu.

The Fredericks' Wedding

PAULINE FREDERICK's last marriage was also a hasty affair. She and Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford eloped to Santa Ana, with only Jack Gardner and his

wife, Louise Dresser, as attendants. Their wedding supper consisted of coffee and sandwiches at a roadside stand. But their wedded bliss was as short as their wedding preparations. Polly returned to the stage and Dr. Rutherford to prescribing pills for Seattle patients.

Anita Stewart Denied Engagement

Six hours before she married Rudolph Cameron, Anita Stewart was frenziedly denying the engagement. This has so often come to pass that whenever a film star denies a reported heart-attachment, you may listen for the wedding-bells.

When Cullen Lanis was wed he was so "sold" on the idea that he had his bride's name, Mignon, tattooed on his arm. But a while ago, shortly after their second baby was born, a rumor winged its way around of their separation. It was denied energetically by Cullen and not so energetically by Mrs. Landis.

What if the Landises should come to the parting of the ways, and Cullen should find himself in love with some other young lady—what about that tattoo mark? Tattoos, you know, are unerasable.

But then, Cullen has another arm, of course.

Ora Carewe's marriage to John Howard, millionaire salad-dressing manufacturer, was one of Hollywood's most recent nuptial events.

The Ill-Fated Harts

THE nuptials of Bill Hart and his pretty, white-and-gold wife, Winifred Westover, occurred on December 7, 1921. It marked the consummation of a flickering romance begun while the two were filming *John Petticoats* under the mellow New Orleans moon.

Once home again, the influence of the moon waned. Winifred made pictures in Sweden and Bill's engagement to Jane Novak was reported. But when Winnie returned, Bill went to New York to see her. His courage failed at the crucial moment of popping the question, so when the country once again separated them, he wired his proposal.

She prepared her trousseau in six days and hurried to California. The wedding was solemnized at six o'clock in the afternoon, very quietly, with only relatives present. Winifred was garbed in white chiffon, embroidered in crystal with a fringed sash. A few months of felicity followed. Then the rift, which

the arrival of a lusty-lunged infant son has so far failed to heal.

Real Church Wedding for Lottie

AFTER once making up their minds to wed, Lottie Pickford and Allan Forrest were positively shameless in their exposure of the con-

Here's a romance that started in the Imperial Russian Ballet at Petrograd. Theodore Kosloff and his dancing partner, Alexandra Balma, taken a short while after their marriage.



Our prize matrimonial couple. Married thirteen years and still friends. Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring Meighan.

templated act. They didn't seem to care who knew they were getting married. The wedding, duly advertised by column spreads in the papers beforehand, occurred in the First Methodist Episcopal church in Hollywood. Mary Pickford was her sister's attendant.

A very correct, beautiful Lohengrin-and-Mendelssohn ceremony with nobody forgetting anything and nothing going wrong. Though when Douglas Fairbanks entered, the crowd committed a dreadful faux-pas and applauded. He frowned, indicating that weddings were at least as serious as funerals and must not be treated with levity.

Smilax and fern banked the altar. Both the bride and Our Mary were dressed in filmy white. Eddie Sutherland was a correct best man.

Among the notables present were Mary Miles Minter, Alice Lake, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee and Viola Dana. Ann Little, Forrest's former wife, wired her congratulations.

A Perfect Match

"I FELL in love with my wife, Doris May, at ten minutes after eight at the Hotel Hollywood," admitted Wallace MacDonald. "It was at an engagement party—Agnes Johnston's and Frank Dazey's. 'When we were introduced, I asked Doris right off, 'Are you engaged to anybody?'"

"She blushed and said she wasn't, so I said 'Fine!'"

"Then we had three dances and three ice-creams and I got her phone number. We went together for ten months. It was fierce, the way she kidded me. But she finally admitted that she knew, right off, that

first evening, that we were dated up in Paradise."

No elopement for Doris May. But just to be different, they were married in church at five-thirty in the morning on May first, 1921. They had their bridal breakfast at John's Cafe—ham and waffles.



The marriage of Natalie Talmadge and Buster Keaton took place at Norma Talmadge's beautiful home on Long Island. (Left to right) Norma Talmadge, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Buster Keaton and Constance Talmadge.

Priscilla Took Him Up

"WHEN we were doing a scene in *The Virgin of Stamboul*, I had to ask her to marry me, as part of the action," Wheeler Oakman informed me, trying to appear frightfully aggrieved. "And she thought I meant it!"

"You big story-teller!" cried Priscilla Dean. "You kept saying every day for months, that if I didn't marry you you'd kidnap me and take me up in the mountains and make me! I was afraid you would, so——"

"Afraid I wouldn't, you mean," said Wheeler, teasingly.

A happy marriage, despite occasional squalls. They eloped, taking her mother along, and to *Reno*, of all places!

Will Rogers Was Bashful

WILL ROGERS and Betty Blake met at a taffy-pull, down in Ooglah, Oklahoma. Yes, there is such a

place! But he was a bashful kid, even as now, and it took a long time to work up the nerve to propose. In the interim, he worked his way to Australia and South America.

When he returned, he would do roping stunts industriously before her window for hours, hoping she'd be looking, for all the world like a little boy "showing off" before his sweetheart. Finally he won her, and now Will says he's proud because "he has a new child every year, about, but he's got the same wife he started out with."

There are three children, Bill, Mary and Jimmy.

The Ingram-Terry Romance

REX INGRAM first noticed Alice Terry when she was a little extra-girl of fourteen. Her face, with its plaintive quiet beauty lingered in his memory,

and he would try to imprison it in sketches with his facile pencil.

Alice confessed afterwards, when she was playing leading roles in his pictures, that she was a bit in awe of the twenty-four-year-old man.

Then he went off to service in the Canadian Royal Flying Corps, and presently returned, badly wounded, in the romantic and immensely becoming uniform of a flyer. Their friendship ripened into love. During his enforced idleness, she used to pose for him. He modeled several heads of her in clay.

Finally they were quietly married at Pasadena, saw three movies and next day went back to work.

Conway's Latest Marriage

CONWAY TEARLE, the thrice-wedded lover, found his friendship for his present wife, Adele Rowland, the musical comedy star, blossom into love after three years of sympathetic understanding.



Blanche Sweet, woman-like, closes her eyes while she waits for John Bowers' kiss.

Walter Hiers never had much experience at screen love-making before he was starred, so he's still a bit shy. He closes his eyes, you'll notice, just as if that weren't a feminine prerogative in a love scene.



The Value of a Kiss

By EUNICE MARSHALL

WHO can calculate the value of a kiss?

Simple enough, this swift meeting of lips. Yet kingdoms have fallen and nations been blotted out, by the power of a kiss.

Cleopatra, who held the might of Rome in the white hollow of her hand by her sway over Caesar and Antony; she knew well the power of a kiss.

Helen of Troy, because of whom the countless towers of Ilium were razed even unto the dust, knew to the full the value of a kiss.

So, too, did Du Barry the wanton, who ruled France as no queen of the blood ever ruled.

Gold it brought them, and jewels; but most of all, it brought them power! The intoxicating sense of power to demand a realm or an enemy's head.

Film Queens Know Value, Too

THE KINGS and queens of our own time—not the impotent royalties of Europe, trembling on their paper thrones, but the infinitely more influential royalties of the silver screen—know, too, the value of a kiss.

For kisses, expertly delivered, bring to the lords and ladies of the screen something more to be desired than rubies, yea, than much fine gold . . . fan mail!

And fan mail means starring roles, purple limousines, the plaudits of the multitudes and fat, oh very fat contracts.

Technique of Lovers Vary

A KISS, according to that unromantic book, the dictionary, is only an affectionate salute of the lips. But as some of our most gifted screen lovers execute the act, it means much more. Oh, a whole lot more!

It is interesting to study the

technique of the various donors and recipients of screen osculations. For they vary greatly. The bashful peck of Charlie Ray is no more like the ardent, wholesouled caress of Ramon Navarro, for instance, than the cutey-cute wiles of Mildred Davis are like the expert vampings of Nita Naldi.

Rudie's Technique Is Great

RODOLPH VALENTINO, naturally, comes first to mind when one would study the methods of the love game. He knows his business and he puts his whole heart into it. None of your faint-hearted shilly-shallying around, when the director calls for a clinch, with Rudie.

No sir (or rather, no ma'am, for we are undoubtedly addressing this section of our treatise to the ladies who can appreciate an artist's work). Rudie takes a deep breath, registers strong emotion by twitching his nostrils just the lea-s-t little bit, takes the lady in a half-Nelson grip and does his stuff. And he does it thoroughly. His technique is grand! Every woman in the audience holds her breath for that poignant second when he hesitates, lips slightly parted and his black eyes piercing through to the woman's very soul or her back hair.

Rudie came right out in print



It takes Ralph Graves a long time to make up his mind to kiss Gloria Swanson. Poor taste, we call it! Ralph has a habit of pressing his chaste salutes upon a lady's forehead.

once with the statement that the first time he had to kiss a girl in a scene he was terribly fussed! Imagine it, if you can. We can't and we'd hate to think it anyway.

A Heart Interest Story

SPEAKING of kisses makes us think right away of the Hollywood Hotel. Rudie was present at a dance there one evening and was presented to a cunning little thing about as big as a pint of cider. She immediately piqued his interest by seeming slightly bored at meeting him, so he asked her to dance.

He waltzed her around the floor and out upon one of the long, shaded verandahs that are so convenient on such occasions. The girl had just a touch of some very potent perfume in her hair (she borrowed it from Florence Vidor); the moon was very bright and the verandah was pleasantly deserted. So Rudie did the natural thing; he kissed her. It was a most satisfactory kiss (it was before he had acquired either of his wives, by the way) and after it was over, he apologized like a gentleman.

But said the little lady, coolly, "Oh, don't apologize, I wouldn't have missed it for anything!" and departed before he could respond with an encore.

Even the most lady-like of damsels, you see, feel that in the interest of scientific investigation, it would be a crime to pass up such expert attentions.

Walter Hiers Is Love Novice

ALL THE naivete of the novice is noted in the love-making of Walter Hiers. Poor fellow, he's had so little experience!

Walter has been in pictures for several years now, but up until a few months ago, when Lasky starred him, the poor little fat boy "won the gal" only once. That was when he supported (literally) Wanda Hawley in *Her Sturdy Oak*. The rest of the time he never got a chance to kiss even the hand of any leading lady.

But now he's got a leading lady in real life, his brand new bride, and Jacqueline Logan for a film leading lady, so he ought to learn rapidly. In the picture shown on this page, he's a bit shy as yet. You'll notice he has his eyes closed, just as if that weren't a feminine prerogative during a love scene.

Rodolph Valentino's technique is grand! Every woman in the audience holds her breath for the poignant second when he hesitates, lips slightly parted, while his black eyes look deep down into the woman's soul and through to her back hair.

Thomas Meighan's love-making is efficient but not particularly pulse-quickening. His embraces are short and sweet, and they smack more of the husband than of the sweetheart. A very nice and desirable husband, to be sure, but nothing to get excited about.

When the script requires that Conway Tearle kiss the leading lady, he looks even more noble than usual and approaches her with a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you look.

Not even the opportunity of caressing the extremely kissable Pola Negri in *Bella Donna* exhilarates Conway to the point where he looks upon it as other than a painful duty.

He Loves Like a Gentleman

CONRAD NAGEL is a fine actor. He is also a gentleman. His kisses are quite in keeping with his character. Not of the impassioned sort, of the type to be ever menaced by a censor's shears, yet they are . . . interesting. He's very capable as a screen lover, is Conrad.

(Continued on page 102)



Conrad Nagel's screen kisses are never of the impassioned sort that are menaced by a censor's shears, but they are always—interesting.



Even the prospect of kissing Pola Negri doesn't make Conway Tearle approach his task without his usual this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you look.



The sighing lover, the good-hearted dance-hall queen, the crook and the ingenue with the blue sash—how well we recognize them.

Those MOVIE Symbols!

How Directors Enable Our Nine-Year-Old Intelligence to Grasp Film Situations

By ALMA WHITAKER

THE MOTION PICTURE is founded on symbolism! Without certain set and traditional symbols, our average nine-year-old intelligence would never grasp the meaning of a situation, without long and tiresome explanation on the part of the director. The director might even have to use a little mental effort in "putting across" an idea.

How, for instance, would we poor morons understand that the vampire was a wholly improper sort of a person for us to admire, if we didn't see her smoking a cigarette? Vampires and ingenues look so much alike these days. The cigarette is simply a dear old, moss-covered, patent-applied-for symbol. No nice girl, on the screen, smokes. Ergo, a female who smokes is a hussy.

And take the case of a young man in love. On the screen he always heaves. Of course, if he did

that same thing in real life, accompanied by the same sickly smile the hero always wears, some misguided creature might call for a basin. But on the screen we know that the chap is merely "epri" that Cupid has shot his little dart. The heave is a symbol that the love interest is well on its way.

I always wait passionately for the heave and then I know that everything is all right. I simply couldn't put my faith in the affection of a non-heaving hero.

The Symbolic Crook

WHEN it's a crook play the symbols are used most faithfully. All crooks sling along with their backs to the wall and their hands feeling along behind them, and then dart with a wild contortion into a doorway. This denotes guilty fear. Of

course, in real life, crooks don't do it quite that way. They swank along and hold up their heads with the best of us. But, of course, the only possible way to convey to our meagre intelligence that the chap is a rotter and wanted by the police is to make him walk sideways like a dizzy crab. All the crooks did this in *Oliver Twist*, you may remember.

Comedy is Full of Symbols

AS FOR comedy, the good old symbolic traditions are rigidly adhered to. There's that dear old stunt about the freight elevator in the sidewalk. I have seen five comedies lately and they all had these jolly traps for the hero to fall into and come up smiling.

And somebody always chases the hero around a pillar and through

some doors and in and out of barns and never catches him. We wish he would.

It is also eminently desirable that there should be a garbage can for our hero to jump into and pull the lid down. Few comedy directors could be induced to omit the standard garbage can. This humble vessel has contributed too much to comedy success ever to be neglected. Thousands upon thousands of garbage cans have been immortalized by our fourth largest industry.

Ladders, mops and buckets also enjoy a place, a precious sacred place in film colony. These all help the film hero to fall around. Dash it all, a film comedian couldn't possibly be funny if he didn't fall over a few things. That is the very essence of comedy.

The Draped Telephone

ONE of the most refined symbols of filmdom is the draped telephone. The telephone concealed in the skirts of a French doll signifies one of two things: either that the room is the boudoir of a respectable lady who is about to be deceived by her husband, or that it belongs to the vampire. You know right away that the lady is about to deceive or be deceived.

Pretty Sleeping Beauties

ANOTHER symbol of perfect ladyhood is the heroine who goes to bed with her hair all cutely fixed and wearing a boudoir cap. And it doesn't matter under what embarrassing condition she wakes up, her hair is always cutely and the boudoir cap always unrumpled.

Of course, in real life the minxes go to bed with cold cream on their noses and part of their hair on the bureau and the rest in curl papers. And they reserve the boudoir cap exclusively for covering 'em up when they sneak down to breakfast without washing their faces. But no movie heroine was ever guilty of such debased standards.

All the same, I would like to know when they do let their hair down and comb it. One ought to now and then, don't you think?

Symbol of Innocence

IF WE are to understand that the heroine is girlish and innocent and unsophisticated, she always wears

a sash on the screen. This is vital. I tremble to think of the result to the innocence of an ingenue if the director had her leave off her sash. It is the best possible evidence offered to establish the sweet young thing's virginity.

I am always a little sorry for comediennesses of the Louise Fazenda type. They have to screw up their hair in violent blobs, with ends sticking out. This is an imperative symbol of comedy. If Louise ever put even a reasonable marcel on her hair, for instance, we might mistake her for Gloria Swanson or somebody.

Symbol of Gopher Prairie

WHEN you see a row of idle loafers, with a few old Johnnies with beards, sitting on cracker-barrels in front of the general store, you know at once that the action of the picture is laid in a Gopher Prairie. Otherwise, you might mistake it for Broadway. One fat old

When you see this flashed on the screen, you know at once that the scene is laid in a country town.

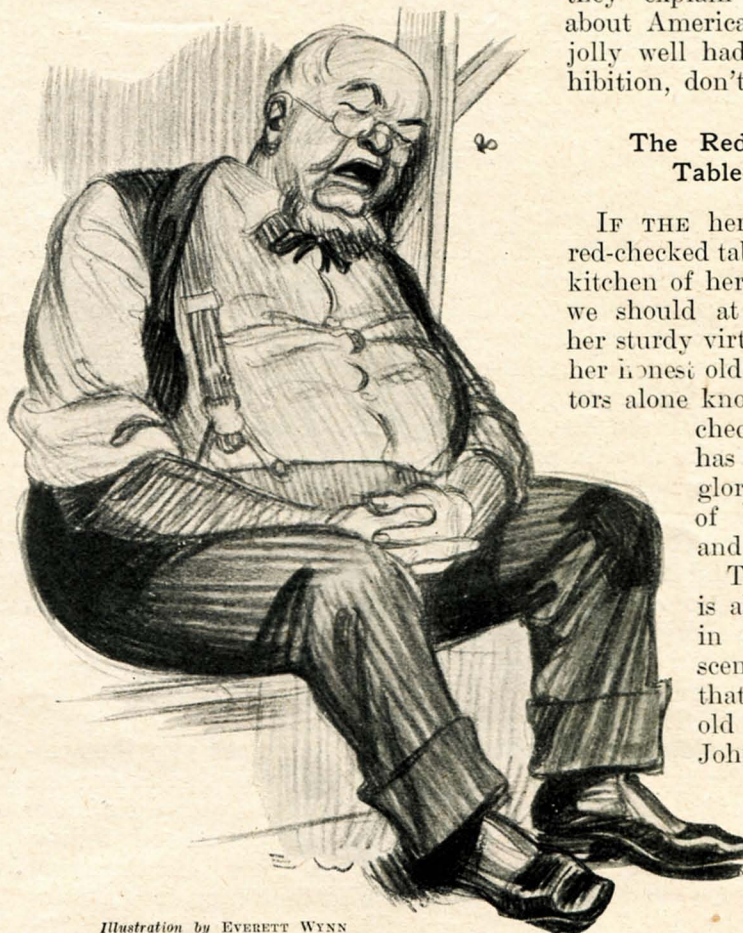


Illustration by EVERETT WYNN

dear is always snoozing on the store stoop, with his mouth open and a coy fly twirling on his nose. This is always good for a laugh, as well.

Of course, this peaceful scene is a little hard on our ambitious small towns, with their Booster clubs and Chamber of Commerce, but damme, we must have our symbols . . . and incidentally they may account for certain international ideas of us.

The Dance-Hall Scene

IRIS in upon the dear old dance-hall of the wild and woolly west or the Klondike. Here men are men and guns is guns and crooks is crooks. And bad girls are very, very bad but have soft, sentimental hearts, and in the end they pay, and pay and pay.

We know at first glimpse of this scene that though all seems lower than the dust, there will be one superlative hero who keeps himself spruce up and views the sordid scene with a "blight of Broadway" expression. And a spotless heroine can always be found, even in such surroundings. Foreigners viewing these particular situations feel that they explain a good deal about America and why we jolly well had to have Prohibition, don't you know!

The Red-Checked Table-Cloth

IF THE heroine hasn't a red-checked table-cloth in the kitchen of her remote cabin, we should at once distrust her sturdy virtue and that of her honest old father. Directors alone know what a red-checked table-cloth has done for the glorious rectitude of honest father and pure maid.

The table-cloth is always valuable in country home scenes. It suggests that presently the old mother's son John, long absent from the old homestead, will presently (Cont'd on page 104)

Stars for a Day

*And then, when the relentless years
claim their own, what is the
aging star's fate?*

By W. Ellen Reamy

Poor Mary Miles Minter! How cruel to make her a star for a day—and then spoil her for anything less!" said a famous producer discussing the career of Mary Miles Minter, whose drawing power grew less as she took on years and pounds. "Mary never had a chance. She was not star material in the first place—an inexperienced child, billed as a 'second Mary Pickford'. Now Mary's contract is finished. What is there for her? She refused a contract after her Paramount contract expired, because the independent producer making the offer wanted to co-star a rising young ingenue along with Mary."

The producer is one who does not believe in the star system, but his words have a certain value. What does become of the big crop of stars that make their debut every year?

Do you remember the fanfare of

trumpets that announced the elevation to stardom of Wanda Hawley? It was done in a series of Realart advertisements, one showing her body with her head concealed, the next showing her hair but not her face; finally the whole picture was revealed, and we were supposed to clap our hands and say: Oh, goody! But we didn't, because Wanda Hawley was not star material.

As a leading lady, she was a nice little sugar-cooky sort of girl, pretty as a magazine cover if skilfully dressed and coiffed. But she couldn't act; she lacked star-worthy personality. Wanda Hawley's contract has expired and she has gone to Europe to work in European films. Wanda is sensible. If she can't have a whole loaf, she will take a half loaf. But she made one concession to her pride—proper pride in a star for a day—and took herself to Europe, where her probable obscurity will be less embarrassing than here. And it was not Wanda's fault. She couldn't do things she was never meant to do. It was simply not in the cards that Wanda should be a star.

AND, HAVING been a star, how is one to come down, and earn one's bread and butter?

One of the many unsolved riddles in Hollywood—probably unsolved because Hollywood has so little time for the past—is what becomes of the stars of yesterday. The bitterest humiliation must be the lot of the star for a day, who, contract expired, has to see her glory fade, her automobile go back to the agency for unpaid balance, and her name become one of those which are only "vaguely familiar"? What excruciating pain it must be to Florence Lawrence, that famous old

Biograph player who was once more widely known than Mary Pickford, to have people say, "Florence Lawrence? Seems like I've heard that name before, but I can't remember where. Weren't you Harrison Fisher's model, or something?"

But the problem which does receive attention in Hollywood is this: what will become of the aging stars who still hold the spotlight, but who know they are slipping, slipping into oblivion—or character roles? Will they slip quietly off the screen and into the peaceful obscurity of home life? Are they fitted for such an adjustment?

MARGUERITE CLARK is the beautiful, shining example of the ingenue who held on until more youthful beauties literally tore her clinging fingers off the camera.



PHOTO BY WITZEL

A star for a day was Bessie Barriscale. And, her day passed, she has become only a pleasant memory.



PHOTO BY CARPENTER

Kathlyn Williams has been brave enough to take the step leading from starring roles to character parts. She is a better actress now than she was when she played ingenues.

Marguerite was wise enough to marry money before the end came. She has been Mrs. Williams of Patterson, Louisiana, for three or four years now. She made one effort at a comeback—"Scrambled Wives"—and evidently decided it was better to be a wife, scrambled or otherwise, than to be an oldish-ingenué, in competition with the newer generation of flappers. Marguerite's was a wise decision. She is remembered as the "cutest" of them all, the sweetest, and the best actress of the flapper type. If she had stayed on, in spite of waning popularity, her past glory would have been swallowed up in present criticism.

But so few are as wise as Marguerite Clark. Occasionally one deserts the screen who could have stayed on. Alice Joyce, under favorable circumstances, would have been good star material for another five years, and would then have been beautifully ripe for dignified character roles or all-star casts. But Alice is wise, too. She will never suffer from injured dignity, will have a secure place in film history.

We were all deeply grieved over Wallace Reid's death. Untimely death, is what most of us called it.

him to die, when everyone was in sympathy with him, when he had just begun to slide downhill, when no one outside Hollywood realized just how hard it would have been for him to "come back" on the screen, when he could give his life for a cause? It is sad to think of that wonderful physique as a handful of white ashes in a carved urn. But it would have been sadder to those who loved him to see him struggle back into pictures, struggle to be his old boyish self again,

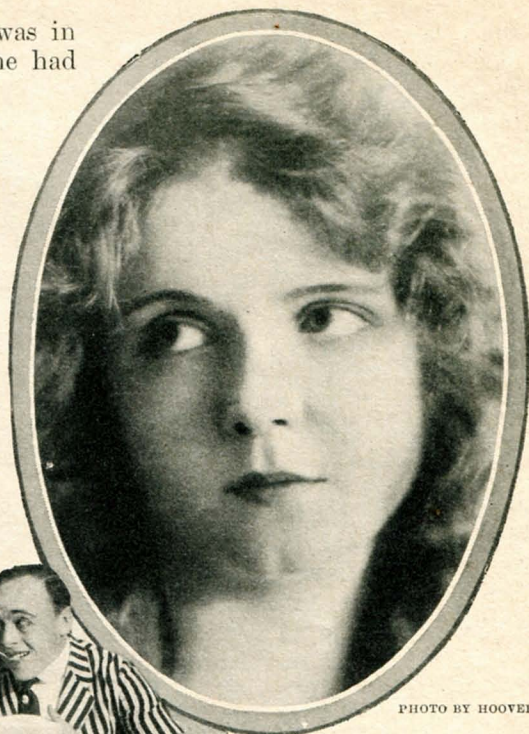


PHOTO BY HOOVER

There is no greener grave in the memory of film players than that of lovely little Olive Thomas, who died at the height of her career.



Wally Van and Lillian Walker, stars of an earlier day. Lillian is displaying her dimples in vaudeville and Wally is producing "on his own."

struggle to recapture the flame of personality that made him our well beloved young American hero, struggle, struggle, and then, perhaps, fail. For a comeback is the hardest journey a man is ever called upon to make.

OLIVE THOMAS died at the height of her career. There is no greener grave in the memory of picture players and picture fans. She was universally loved.

There is not a taint to her memory. If she had lived she would have made good pictures for a few years, then would have been visibly holding on to youth and slimness; then would have slipped

off into oblivion, or—into character roles. How kindly Fate would be if Death could come to all of us at the height of our fame, just before we begin to slip down the other side of the mountain, into the Valley of Oblivion. It has often been said that if President Wilson could have died on his way to the peace conference in Paris, directly after the war, he would have gone down in history as the greatest man America has produced. As it is—

But since all cannot die, what is to become of the stars who have had their day? Some cannot complain. It has been a long day for Ethel Clayton, Pauline Frederick, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Dorothy Dalton, Anita Stewart, Mary Miles Minter, Ruth Roland.

Ethel Clayton is said to be thirty-eight years old now. She has been with the movies since the beginning, coming to them from the legitimate. Surely Ethel — lovely, dignified, womanly Ethel Clayton — cannot complain now if the public finds



PHOTO BY GEISLER-ANDREWS

Justine Johnstone was starred prematurely; her fate was the fate of June Caprice and Louise Lovely . . . a brief moment of fame and then the end.

But was it untimely? Wasn't it just about the most timely time for

her a little mature for the parts she plays. It is not that she looks old; heaven knows she doesn't; but the fine spontaneity of first youth has gone. She is tired of the struggle, and it shows in her acting.

Bessie Barriscale, about Ethel Clayton's age, also came early to the screen, after being a star on Broadway. But about two years ago she apparently gave up the struggle, for she has not been seen lately. If Bessie Barriscale loves her art, truly, she will stay off the screen, leaving a pleasant memory.

PAULINE FREDERICK is now out of pictures, having finished her last contract — with Robertson-Cole. Those last pictures of that splendid actress were painful things. They took away from her much of the glory which had been hers so long. She, too, tried to live forever; but it cannot be done. Pauline Frederick is conceded to be forty-eight years old. Sarah Bernhardt is climbing toward eighty, but there are few Bernhardts, and none of them are on the screen. If Pauline Frederick, whom we used to speak of so admiringly as "Frederick The Great," wants to stay in pictures, she has a splendid avenue open to her. She has but to take character roles. Will she have the courage to play matrons and mothers and dowagers and charwomen and fallen creatures—the regular run of character stuff—when she has so long been a star? Will she be big enough? Or will she take the easier road of oblivion? If she has money enough to do so, she will undoubtedly choose the latter, for hurt pride can be nursed most successfully in private. But the screen will lose a real actress in the retirement of Pauline Frederick.

Clara Kimball Young belongs in this famous galaxy of stars whose day has passed or is just passing. Few careers have been more brilliant, more lasting. But the brightest day fades into twilight, and as a star in young girl and young wife roles, Clara Kimball Young is through. A very much specialized type of story will fit her beautifully for a long time. People had grown weary of saying that Clara Kimball Young was not what she used to be, until "Enter Madame" came along and re-established her, temporarily.

It was just the right sort of vehicle for her. In it, she was a sophisticated woman of between thirty and forty; world weary, but interesting; famous, but curiously unspoiled at heart, temperamental, first, last and always. After all, that is just the sort of woman Clara Kimball Young is, you know. A few intelligently written stories like that and Clara Kimball Young can be a star for years yet. Then—character roles for her, or oblivion. She gave a hint of her splendid ability in character roles in her interpretation of the drug addict part in "The Eyes of Youth," I think it was. Be courageous, Clara. Recognize your limitations, make the most of what yet remains, and then take the plunge into character roles, like a soldier! You are too good an actress to be lost through false pride.

MARY PICKFORD. What a list of memories of splendid work the name brings up! And yet—yet—even Mary cannot live always, cannot always be "America's Sweetheart." Will lovely Mary be wise enough, intelligent enough — and Mary is a very clever woman—to stop just before she begins to slip downhill? It would be heartbreaking to see Mary aging on the screen; to watch that childish body thicken, those glorious, spiritual eyes take on the dullness of disillusionment and age. A little of the first fine radiance has dimmed. Mary is not the Mary she was in her first "Tess," for all that "Tess of the Storm Country" in its present form is a better picture—technically—than the old, beloved Tess. That was a stiff test Mary gave herself, and it may be that she is reading the handwriting on the wall, for there is a well-defined rumor that she is thinking of leaving the

screen after her next two pictures, and going into the producing end of it with all her heart and soul and pocketbook.

Mary is already a producer, and she has said that she really enjoys producing better than acting. Mary Pickford's day has been the most glorious of all. It is not over. But time does not stand still, and the twilight will come. Will Mary break cleanly off, while she is still the most popular, most beloved actress, on the screen, or will she "grow up," play more mature roles for a while, then—. No stretch of the imagination can picture Mary



ENTER MADAME re-established Clara Kimball Young in pictures; unable longer to play young wife roles, she has wisely decided to portray women of the gracious forties.

Pickford in character roles. No, that is not to be her fate. She will surely be big enough to retire gracefully, and to erect a sort of monument to herself by sponsoring a successor to herself, as "America's Sweetheart." What a happy quest that might be! What happiness Mary might find in herself choosing the girl to take her place, in grooming her for the great role, in backing her pictures financially. Mary might in time become the greatest single force in pictures, if she chose to use her knowledge of pictures and the public in backing new talent for the screen.

THE LIST of stars who have taken the plunge, and who still live to tell the tale is not so long, but it is an honorable one. Myrtle Stedman, one of the pioneers of the industry, once and for a long time a star, is now doing splendid work in "all star casts." She has taken honors away from stars in some of the pictures in which she played second



PHOTO BY C. HEIGHTON MONROE

Rubye De Remer, beautiful though she is, was not star material. Therefore the effort to foist her on the public failed. If she had been permitted to work her way up, she might have earned a real stardom. Who knows?

leads; for instance, her work in "Rich Men's Wives" outshone that of Claire Windsor; her work in a certain Anita Stewart release attracted more attention than that of Anita.

One of the biggest plums of the years went to Myrtle Stedman, in the title role of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a Louis B. Mayer production by John M. Stahl. Only an actress of forty or so, with unlimited stage and screen experience, could have handled that difficult role, created on the stage by Blanche Bates, herself in the gracious forties. I'll wager that as long as Myrtle Stedman wants to work, she can do so—at a splendid salary. The descent in her case seems to have been utterly dignified and almost painless. Her case might serve as a beacon of hope to timorous stars who feel themselves slipping, with no one to give them a leg-up, and all the world tearing at their grasping fingers. Anita Stewart, by the way, is another whose day is done—as a star. She has made so much money in her day that she will undoubtedly retire, rather than go into all-star casts or into straight-out character roles.

This age business is a peculiar thing. No certain age can be given as the positive end of the road, for different women wear their age in different ways. Pauline Frederick, for instance, did her best work on the screen after she was forty. Geraldine Farrar did too. It is not a woman's age but her resiliency that counts in pictures. I said above that Ethel Clayton does not look old, but she looks a little sad and very tired. Her life is said to be rather empty. She has never married since her husband, Joseph Kaufman, once general manager of Famous-Players Lasky's west coast studios, died. She is seldom seen in the company of other stars. It may be that her life is not full enough, that she has too few interests.

VITALITY, youth—of the spirit—, resiliency, are absolutely necessary for the portrayal of youth. A producer when he looks for youth does not look for an eighteen year old girl, as a rule. Eighteen in actual



EVANS PHOTO

Ruth Roland has had a long and honorable career in serial films. Her contract has expired, but Ruth should worry. She has enough money invested in real estate to be independent the rest of her life.

life is callow; there was never a more callow young actress — the designation is by courtesy only— than Mary Miles Minter when she entered pictures. She had real youth, but she had to be three or four years older before she could portray real youth on the screen. She had to be able to look back at her own extreme youth to be able to understand its qualities. She had to *regret* that she was no longer sixteen or seventeen at twenty, before she could really look and *act* seventeen. But *thirty* has forgotten seventeen, or is too wistful, or too sentimental over it. No woman of thirty can really recapture sixteen or seventeen, but a woman of thirty makes a perfect young wife type, or sweetheart type, for she is just far enough away to look back understandingly on the period just passed.

There is one woman in pictures who is a direct contradiction to all the above. She is Edythe Chapman, character actress, who is much younger off the screen than she is on. She tried to get work as a lead or a star, of course, but she found that jobs were few and far between. She got a character part that paid pretty well, and was cast as a mother. She did so well in the role that casting directors began to think of Edythe Chapman when they needed a convincing mother

type. She has been a loving mother to some of our most lovely—as well as most virile—stars, some of them as old or older than she is! She has long since learned that it is better to work nearly all the time than to listen to vanity, and work only a part of the time. You will love her as the mother in *The Girl I Loved*, Charles Ray's best and latest picture.

Ruth Roland is another star who has had a long and glorious day. Her contract to star in serials has just expired and it is rumored that the queen of the serials is contemplating a feature career, in which she will be starred, of course. But—don't do it, Ruth! Remember poor Pearl White, who was inveigled into making features and who was promptly killed in the public's regard. Ruth has enough Hollywood and Los Angeles real estate to be independent of the camera for the rest of her life.

THERE is still another class of stars for a day. Here are some of them: Zena Keefe, Constance Binney, Doraldina, Zasu Pitts, Louise Lovely, Arline Pretty, Justine Johnstone, Ora Carew, Clara Horton, Helen Jerome Eddy, Wanda Hawley, Sylvia Breamer, Lila Lee, Priscilla Bonner, Marjorie Daw, Rubye De Remer, Corliss Palmer, Mildred Harris, Gladys Brockwell, June Caprice, May Collins, Hope Hampton, Doris May—and the list grows and grows.

The arrangement is irrelevant. The old are next to the new; the newly dead next to the long dead; the fairly famous with the hardly heard of. But *all* these girls—most of them lovely young things—were starred for a day, a very brief day, and found wanting by the public. Poor things! It is death in life for a girl to be starred before she is ready for it, or when there is no star material in her. No producer should have the right to create a star out of whole cloth. That old line about babies—"Out of the Nowhere into the Here"—applies to most of the above-named "stars." They were made stars arbitrarily. They should never have been starred, or if they had star material, they should have been allowed to develop it through hard work be-



PHOTO BY J. M. LEONARD

Anita Stewart has had a long day in pictures, but her day is nearing the end. She has made so much money, however, that she will probably retire, rather than appear in all-star casts.

fore the camera in less important roles.

The public—strange to say—rather resents the affrontery of a producer who takes an unknown and blatantly shouts, "Here is a star. She is a star because I have given her a starring contract. I say she is a star and she is. Now worship her as a star." Naturally the public is inclined to say, "Humph! You'll have to show us!"

What a crime it was to foist Doraldina upon a helpless public! She never had a chance. She might have made good as a dancer in pictures, but it made the public positively sore to be told that Doraldina was an "international motion picture star" and the "greatest dancer

in the world." Those were the actual words used in exploiting the woman, probably one of the least pretty women who have ever been in pictures.

ZENA KEEFE is a pathetic example of the premature star. She was twinkling along nicely as a leading lady, and probably the public would have continued to like her mildly. Selznick made the mistake of starring her, and thereby killed her.

Hope Hampton is an example of an attempt to force a star down the throats of the public. Hope is pretty, has personality and probably would have learned to act if she could have served an apprenticeship in the trade. But she was brought out with a great to-do in *The Modern Salome*. We would just have to be crazy about Hope Hampton! Her head was framed in roses, roses, roses, until it looked as if a florist's shop had been looted. But somehow all this just made us more critical of Hope. And except in *Star Dust*, where she did good work, she has never justified the faith that starred her.

Madlaine Traverse and Gladys Brockwell were starred by Fox very mistakenly, but as soon as their contracts expired, these premature stars were permitted to die. Sunk without a trace!

Louise Lovely, Arline Pretty—weren't the names flossy in the old days—Rubye De Remer, are just names without personalities now. But Arline Pretty is getting back now, in small roles. Good luck, Arline! Justine Johnstone had beauty of rare perfection, but the public did not take kindly to her. She was the toast of Broadway, but inexperience kept her from being the toast of Main Street.

MAY McAVOY proved herself star material in *Sentimental Tommy* and was straightway starred. But she is a delicate flower—probably the most exquisitely beautiful girl in pictures—and her type is not easily suited in a story. But May McAvoy has a firm place in the hearts of the fans, which they are gladly holding open for
(Continued on page 98)

Hurrah for Hokum

Is hokum endangering our dramatic progress by making a bunch of sentimentalists out of American audiences

By FRANCIS BAIRD

66 **D**ELIVER us from hokum" is now a part of the litany of all good "high-brows" and critics.

Why has hokum such a bad name? Why is sentimentality such a vice? Can we not be sentimental and cultured, too?

"Never!" shudder the critics.

"Certainly!" declare the motion picture directors, who know all there is to know about hokum.

Fred Niblo, for instance, loves to dress hokum up in new and original designs. And you fans, even the critics among you, laugh and cry at it and sometimes never suspect that it is hokum.

Hokum is merely illusion, says Niblo.

Hokum in Religion

66 **A**T THE risk of being called sacrilegious," declared Niblo courageously, "I am going to say that some sides of religion is largely hokum. In the churches we find statues of the Christ nailed to the cross, with a wreath of thorns on his head. Drops of blood are painted in natural colors on his brow, to show how the cruel thorns pierced his tender flesh. That crown of thorns, the nail prints in hand and feet—what are they? Pure hokum, used to play upon our emotions, to more poignantly drive home the lesson of the crucifixion. They cast an illusion which reflects in the soul, calling forth religious reflections.

"That is good hokum."



Even wearing a costume is hokum, declares Charles Ray. In "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Ray wears a 1620 costume to put the audiences into the atmosphere of the Longfellow Romance.

Patriotism is Hokum, too

PATRIOTISM is hokum, too, says Niblo. We all practice hokum on ourselves when we raise our hats as the flag goes by.

Pershing saluted Lafayette's statue in Paris and cried, "Lafayette, we are here!" That was magnificent hokum, uniting allied millions in a high cause, we love it!

Harding's Memorial speech over Washington's tomb on February 22 was hokum, too, but we want it. Also, we clothe our Supreme Court Justices in long black gowns and remain standing until they are seated because we need the hokum which that garb inspires to create deep reverence for our highest court of law.

Another Kind of Hokum

HERE is a scene showing a mother, separated from husband and child, returning to her abandoned home on a stormy night when another woman is to be married to her former husband. She presses close to the window seeking a glimpse of her baby. The little one just then toddles across the room and sees her long lost mother through the window pane. They kiss through the glass.

That is pure hokum—sentimental hokum—in a picture. It will bring a lump in your throat if you are an ordinary human being. If you are too cultured to be coaxed into releasing natural emotions you will severely criticize the director of that picture.

Is Hokum Unreal?

66 **U**NREAL, overdrawn, not true to life," you charge. You are right. It certainly is overdrawn, but for the best reason in the world. Such hokum epitomizes mother love so forcibly that the desired chord is struck instantly in every heart.



Fred Niblo loves to dress up hokum in new and attractive forms.

Remember that scene in *Broken Blossoms* where the drunken father forces his cowering child to smile after beating her? D. W. Griffith wanted us to pity that child. How did he make us do it so thoroughly that we wanted to wring that brute's neck? He simply used hokum in having Lillian Gish, the child, put trembling fingers to her lips and pull them into the semblance of a smile. That smile wrung our hearts.

Worst Kind of Hokum
BUT THERE is a kind of hokum that is rank, says Niblo, and the rankest hokum he knows about is the National Board of Censors, where the American public sits by and allows a handful of men who do not know how to produce either a good or a bad photoplay limit the production of all pictures to a certain type, wherein the greatest classics of literature have no place.

If the conscientious photoplay critic wants to help oust the sentimental hokum just described in pictures let him train his guns on the title "National Board of Censors." That title is hokum which inspires such an awesome respect for the opinions of its members that the public goes on tolerating that little

clique. Its prestige would be nil with us if it were more correctly called the Natural Born Knockers.

How we should enjoy seeing Fred Niblo's genius in the filming of *Othello*, Cecil de Mille's master touch on *The Scarlet Letter*, Mary Pickford's interpretation of *Faust*.

But the Censors say we cannot have the classics on the screen. They object to the portrayal of the eternal struggle between our better and our baser selves, or of any weakness of human flesh, although they must know that it exists today as in the bygone period which produced those gems of literature. Evidently

of thinking up new schemes for getting the "real stuff" to us.

We must be content with the Laura Jean Libby type of romance on the screen until we get sick enough of it to demand something better from the Censors. The picture industry is still in its pioneering days, so there's room for all of us to work for its development. Censors of public morals made a vagabond of Shakespeare in his day. Shall they make vagabonds of these pioneers? Not without a struggle, Felix!

Charles Ray Likes Hokum



OF COURSE, there will always be "yellow" journals, "trashy" books, and "vulgar" hokum as opposed to clean journals, good books and good hokum,

Cheers and the waving of flags greet the returning hero, home from the wars. What is this but hokum?

they believe it is not good for us to see master themes which call forth meditation, yet our schools and universities not only study them but dissect them bit by bit to get every shade of meaning out of them.

Censor's Hokum Ban Classics

IF WE get a screen version of a standard work of literature it is usually so different from the book that we cannot recognize it—but isn't it true that we malign the producer of that picture because he has not kept the printed plot intact? Bitter experience has taught the motion picture producer that he is throwing money away in filming most stories exactly as written. He knows the Censors will never permit him to picture real life, but he never wearies of shooting as close to the deadline as he dares, a good deal like the bootlegger who never tires



Hokum is the foundation of the industry, says Thomas H. Ince.

just as there will always be good people and bad people, because we are not all uniformly educated in heart and mind.

For instance, there is Charles
(Continued on page 96)

Movie Pests

*The 57 Varieties That Infest the
Film Theatres, Catalogued*

By JAMES M. FIDLER

ARE YOU a "Movie Pest"? Probably you aren't. But it's dollars to doughnuts that you have encountered plenty of them . . . and prayed by all the pink-toed prophets that they would come to some terrible end, *pronto*, without delay.

And if *you* have suffered from them, who go to the movies only occasionally, consider how versed in the ways of movie pests are the lobby men and usherettes, who encounter them daily!

The average lobby man, dubbed a "lob" by the trade, is a milk of human kindness has cur-misanthrope. He doesn't love his fellow man. Not very much. The

Are You a Movie Pest?

OR HAVE you suffered from them? If you do any of these things, listed by a New York theatre-manager, you are a "movie pest" and an annoyance to all around you!

People who read titles out loud.

Gum chewers.

People who eat candy out of crackly paper bags.

Mashers.

Smart Alecks who applaud all the love scenes.

Crying babies.

Men who smoke.

People who haven't changed their socks recently.

People who hold up the line at the ticket window to count their change.

People who "horn in" ahead of their turn in line.

People who kick the back of the seat ahead of them.

People who "have seen the picture before" and tell about it.

fest film houses neatly catalogued. And he can tell one as far as he can see him.

The Worst Pest of All

THE pest who has the blackest mark against him is the individual who is three sheets to the wind; "slightly lit" in the quaint Chaucerian term.

Of course the man visibly under the influence of liquor is denied admission to the better theatres. But despite every precaution, occasionally one slips in. And then, when the warm air of the theatre

dubbed in his system. He has all the fifty-seven varieties of pests who in-

despite every precaution, occasionally one slips in. And then, when the warm air of the theatre



gets in its deadly work . . . well, it's really too disagreeable to talk about. But theatre managements pay out thousands of dollars every year for damages due to just such incidents.

The Crab

ANOTHER type of undesirable, from the "lob's" viewpoint, is the lordly individual who thinks he has bought the house when he buys his ticket. He feels in duty bound to glower at the "lobs" and growl at the usherettes. As a result, naturally, he usually gets the worst seat in the house.

This type of pest feels horribly abused when he has to stand in line. Rather than take his place in line, behind others, he will hang around the lobby. Under the slightest provocation, he will argue heatedly with those in charge. He fusses about the price of tickets and sometimes even tries to force his way past the usherettes to a seat. Men are the worst offenders in this respect.

The "Masher"

MASHERS," both male and female, are slowly dying out, as far as the film theatres are concerned. Especially is this true of the big houses, where precautions against them are rigidly enforced. Sometimes, however, one slips inside, to annoy everybody near him. Strangely enough, most of those caught annoying women in the darkened theatres are old men.

Then there is the woman who openly flirts with a man outside the theatre. She ventures out alone at night. Having spotted her victim, she ogles him boldly, then purchases a ticket into the theatre. She lingers in the lobby until the man enters; then she seats herself in the darkest, most obscure corner of the house. The man follows unostentatiously. The rest is easy. They come out together, having used the dark corner to become better acquainted.

One big Los Angeles theatre combats this nuisance by showing women entering alone to one side of the house and single men to the other side.

"The Spooners"

THEN the spooners. Contrary to general opinion, young couples do not attend the movies to spoon, as

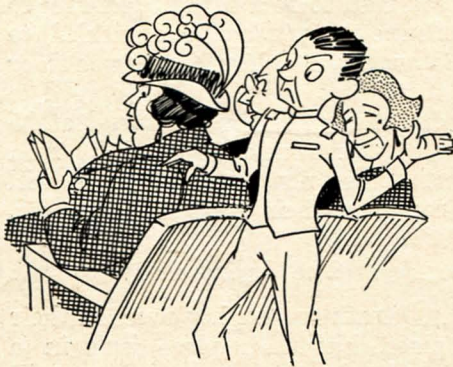
a rule. If the girl's head drops lightly on her escort's shoulder, it is probably because the romance on the screen intensifies the romance in their hearts. It seems almost as if they are impelled by the scene they are watching. Soft music has a similar effect. Once in a while a man will hastily kiss a girl on the cheek.

When such a thing does occur, an usherette is detailed to tap the girl on the shoulder and request her to "sit up straight, please."

Here's a thought for the spooners; the back rows of the big picture houses are always watched. The traditional "back-row spooners" haven't a chance any more.

Lobby Pests

IN THE lobby is where the employees have the most difficulty with patrons. People seem to lose the power of connected thought when they visit a cinema house. They will ask a question of the lobby man, but before they can receive



an answer, will walk off without it, or pay no attention to his reply.

One of the best instances of thoughtlessness is that which follows the "lob's" frequent call, "Plenty of seats in the first ten rows of the balcony." Invariably, a score of more waiting in line hear only "the first ten rows." They rush for the door and once inside, complain loudly when informed that the seats are "in the balcony," many of them vowing that the boy said distinctly, "downstairs."

Women Are Best Waiters

WOMEN are more patient about standing in line than men, the "lobs" say. They drag their escorts into line and are seemingly content to wait for hours, while their

men fume and fret. Even children are more patient than men, who hate to take their places at the end of a line.

It is this impatience that makes men try to "horn in" ahead of their turn. Some seem to think it is smart to slip in ahead of others, while some believe in all honesty that they are entitled to edge in midway, to the wrath of those further down the line.

Film Stars are Fans, Too

IN LOS ANGELES, the film stars like to go to the movies just as well as the general public, but they hate to stand in line, because of the staring people around them. Most theatre managers permit them to enter by a side door, politely dubbed the "family entrance."

Tommy Meighan is one of the stars who uses this privilege. He will stand in the darkest corners, will turn his face to the wall or hie himself off to the smoking room; anything to avoid staring eyes. Tommy is a great favorite with the theatre employees, by the way, and the usherettes always manage to find a good seat for him.

Priscilla Dean is the instigator of many movie parties. She often invites a number of friends to her home for dinner, after which they attend the movies in a body. On such occasions, she always telephones ahead for reservations.

Walter Hiers is another star who is popular with the employees. He has many friends among the lobby men and usherettes at all the local houses. When he has a picture showing, he stops and asks their opinion about his work. He always gives their advice serious consideration, too.

As a rule, the long, waiting lines are meekly patient, but certain stars cause the crowds to push and strain to get indoors. Harold Lloyd, Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge and the late Wallace Reid are among these.

The Paper-Rattlers

OF COURSE you've met the peanut-and-popcorn eater in the theatres. And we'll bet you've cursed them. Nothing is more distracting to a person trying to enjoy a good

picture than to have someone rattling a paper bag behind you. If you must have your candy, the theatre manager implores, unwrap it before you enter the theatre, so that all you will have to do when you enter the theatre is to eat it. And for heaven's sake, don't do that noisily.

Which brings to mind the gum-chewer, one of the most heartily disliked pests of the theatre. Thousands of dollars go yearly from the coffers of theatre-owners to people whose clothes have been ruined by chewing gum left on the seats. And the rhythmic "cracking" of gum by a chewer whose heart is in her work is enough to bring a sensitive person's nerves to the breaking point.

The man who enters a theatre after a meal and cleans his teeth by little, hissing, maddening noises drives the neighbors to distraction.

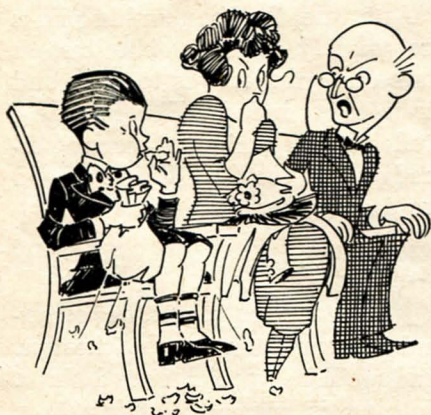
And the Title-Readers!

AND then the title-readers. Ye gods! There's at least one to every theatre. They are the most common of all pests. What adds insult to injury in their case is that they generally have one or two children in tow. After they have read the title aloud to the kids, the meaning has to be explained thoroughly and at great length.

"What does that mean, mama? What'd he do *that* for? What'd he do *that* for, mama? Say, mama, doesn't he like her? Why don't you answer, mama? What's he do *that* for?"

After an hour of this, the neighbors begin to think that perhaps they've misjudged Herod all these years.

Have you ever been annoyed to



the point of shrieking by the person who kicks the back of your chair, in time with the music? Or the one who sings, in a minor, dirge-like key?

The "Studio Hound"

IN LOS ANGELES there is a type of movie pest that is probably found nowhere else. That is the person who has some acquaintance with the studios and loves to air his knowledge, for the benefit of those around him.

"I saw that scene shot," he'll say loudly. "That was double exposure, y'know, faked. And the shipwreck, of course you know it wasn't a real shipwreck. They just wrecked a minachoor boat in a horse-trough and brought the camera way up to get the perspective. That star is a dub. He only gets \$2,000 a week, etc., etc."

The fan who "knew them when" is another affliction. Never does he let slip the opportunity to inform the world and his wife that "Swanson used to be a bathin' girl over to Sennett's, y'know, and tickled to draw down a hundred a week" or that "that there Valentino used to do 'atmosphere' at Universal at \$5 a day and lucky to get it." And of course now none of them will recognize their old buddy Bill, etc.

The Crying Baby

BABIES are mighty sweet in their place, but their place isn't in a movie theatre, any exhibitor will tell a palpitating world. Some houses won't admit a child in arms at all. When a baby is brought in, nine people usually move to get away from it.

Little boys are another type of spectator that the big exhibitor could get along without. Little boys take the keenest delight in applauding every tender love scene with loud smack and cat-calls, thus ruining any possible "kick" that the flappers might get out of the screened amours.

They Come to the Movies to Talk

WOMEN chattering together is a constant cause of complaint. Women's clubs cast terror into the heart of the exhibitor. How the year things do talk . . . and how



blithely unaware they are of the dirty looks cast at them by nearby spectators!

Yet, a manager of a Hollywood theatre says he has never had a complaint of two men talking and annoying people around them. It seems to be a feminine trait, to go to the movies for a good chat.

The person who has seen the picture before and insists on explaining the action . . . fortissimo . . . is liable to sudden death from an unknown source at any time. And any jury would probably class the taking off as an act of God.

Deaf people are *persona non grata* in a theatre. They talk too loud, poor things, not being able to hear themselves.

You might think that crooks would find a darkened theatre an ideal place to operate in. But not so. The chances of escape in case of discovery are about a thousand to one against it.

For years the theatres have waged a constant war against women wearing hats in the theatre. But it is still a common thing for a woman to simply refuse to remove her hat.

Men Buy Best Seats

WHEN it comes to buying tickets, men are the ones who "pony up" for the expensive loge seats. They seem to want the best and are more particular where they sit than women are. Of course, when a man brings a lady, he can't very well ask for the cheaper seats.

At night, women buy more expensive seats than they do in the afternoon. A seat down in front is quite all right at a matinee, but

(Continued on page 92)

The Motion Picture, an Art or a Cannery?

*The industry isn't in its infancy; the infants
are in the industry, cruelly remarks*

PETER B. KYNE

HOLLYWOOD is all "het up" again.

Not since Penrhyn Stanlaws issued his now famous criticism of Hollywood's beauties has the film colony been so wrought up. The reason?

The motion picture is not an art; it is a cannery, says Peter B. Kyne, author of *Cappy Ricks* and other stories and erstwhile member of the film colony.

Adding insult to injury, Kyne remarked before the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce that it was not correct to state that the industry was still in its infancy. The infants, said the cruel Mr. Kyne, were still in the industry.

He Leaves Pictures

"I AM shaking the dust of film-dom from my feet," Kyne stated, "I can see no future for the industry until it gets down to brass tacks and establishes a code of ethics."

While all good Hollywoodians bristled with rage, Kyne asserted that the huge profits reaped from motion pictures have been gained by advertising methods which would be illegal in any other business.

"Look at the flamboyant advertisements which appear in even the best of the trade journals. No business man would think of describing his goods after such a manner. Every superlative in the dictionary is used to describe the trashiest kind of a picture. It resembles more the work of a sideshow 'ballyhoo' than an industry claiming fourth rank in the business world.

"The drama of today as represented in pictures is mere hokum. The pictures now being shown are built on the theory of shocking the

nervous system rather than by appeal to the heart."

Thrill Pictures

MR. KYNE evidently refers to such pictures as *One Exciting Night*, *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, *Way Down East*, in which the "big punch" is some event that keeps the spectators in a nervous perspiration.

That business men who never could write a book are employed to pass on the stories of successful authors is charged by Mr. Kyne.

The studios make the natural and age-hallowed retort that "we never laid an egg either, but we're a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state." They know a story that will screen when they see one, they insist.

Difficulties of an Author

THE studios don't want good stories, asserts Mr. Kyne. They wouldn't buy some of *his*.

"In order to put over any of my stories, I actually had to peddle my goods from studio to studio. I had to sell it first to the office boy, then to the stenographer, then the editor who had recently been graduated from the ranks of cub reporters, and finally to the star, the director and the New York business office."

It was very fatiguing work indeed for Mr. Kyne, who is used to having the magazines bid eagerly for his product. He can scarcely be blamed for feeling much aggrieved, so much aggrieved that he brands the industry with a lack of good faith.

Sign of the Double Cross

"I HAVE never yet made an engagement with anyone in the industry, but what the engagement

was broken," he said. "I have never contracted to sell a story but what next day they wanted to buy it for a lower price than they agreed to pay."

Kyne's remarks concur almost exactly with Douglas Fairbanks' reiterated determination to fight "canned motion pictures."

A Controversy Starts

THESE sensational charges made by a famous author who has had several of his stories filmed—*Cappy Ricks* and *The Pride of Palomar* among them—have stirred up a controversy in Hollywood and its environs. The film colony resents the charges bitterly, while other authors back up Kyne's statements.

Gouverneur Morris, who lives at Monterey but who knows his Hollywood like one of his own books, went Mr. Kyne one better:

"The motion picture industry isn't even a business, it's a cross between a cannery and a night-mare," declared Morris. "The producers themselves, with the glittering exceptions such as Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Buster Keaton, prove the truth of Mr. Kyne's statements."

"Why didn't all the eminent authors who were called into the industry make better pictures than the old-timer? Because the old-time directors and authors knew that if trained writers were given a fair chance, their own day would be over. So the eminent authors were fought at every turn by men firmly entrenched, fighting for their economic lives."

However, Morris predicts cheerfully that the old men are dying off and younger men with better minds are taking their places.

(Continued on page 99)

Fashion Hints

Suggestion for Your Spring Wardrobe



Posed by MAY McAVO

A simple evening wrap of white caracul-cloth, just the thing to slip on over a light dress on a summer's night.

Posed by GLORIA SWANSON



The Egyptian influence is plain in this smart hat of silver lace over satin.

Posed by AGNES AYRES

To insure the success of the debutante, we suggest this creation of "morning mist" taffeta, with its adorable neck-line of pink roses and its many flounces edged with silver cire

Posed by AGNES AYRES



A black satin dinner gown is always useful and is unusually stunning when made tightly draped, with two panels forming a train from the sides.



from Hollywood

by Ethel Chaffin

Designer of Fashions
for Paramount Pictures

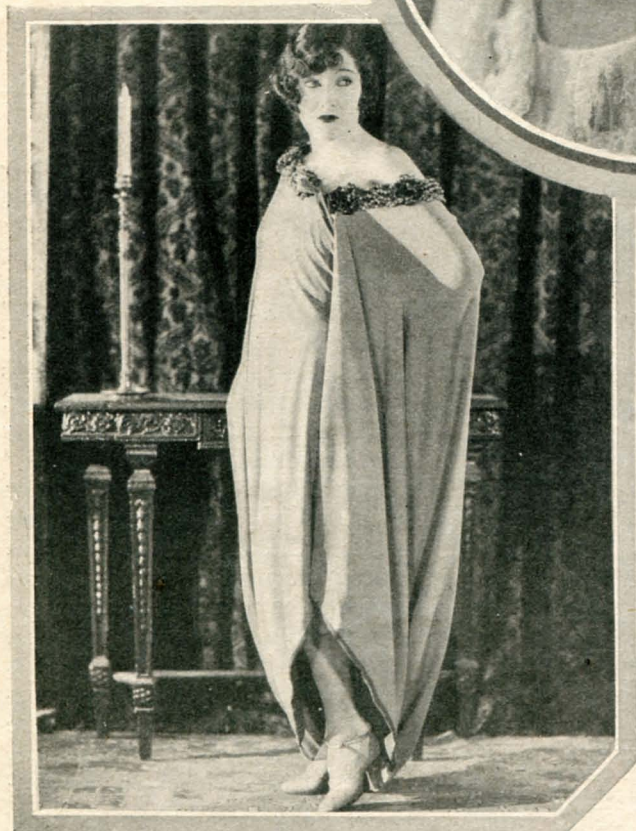
Decidedly becoming to the young girl is this hat of blue satin with a brim of blue transparency and garlanded with handmade flowers.

Posed by MAY MCAVOY



Posed by JAEQUELINE LOGAN

For the links, this smart costume of geranium silk sweater over a gray knife-pleated skirt is just the thing.



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

A negligee of fuschia-colored crepe Romaine, lined with sealing-wax red chiffon. The banding at the neck is in fuschia beads and red flowers.



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

What could be smarter than this street outfit of pearl gray crepe Romaine, with the simple Russian blouse effect? Collar and cuffs are of French rabbit. The draped skirt is very effective.

Thou Shalt Not Get Found Out

*The actor flees from bad publicity as a
Bolshevist flees from a bath,*

Says TRUMAN HANDY

DOES scandal pay?

Once upon a time it did. Earlier in American stage annals, press agents used to "frame" the wildest sort of stories about their stars. The more lurid a past an actress had, the brighter her present.

Eva Tanguay, according to publicity stories, was a wild woman incarnate.

Gaby Deslys' ill-fated and scandalous intrigue with the King of Portugal, resulting in the deposition of said monarch, made the snappiest sort of publicity.

People flocked to see these wicked women of the stage. They fascinated in direct proportion to their naughtiness.

For years, the same was true of the screen. And then the tide of public opinion turned.

Virtue Conquers Vice

THE notorious adulteress and convicted murderess found they could no longer turn to the screen, to capitalize their shame.

Audiences simply refused to pay their money to see them. Notoriety began to be feared and shunned, and finally, with the banishing of Roscoe Arbuckle from the screen, after his sensational scandal, there came into being an eleventh commandment in Hollywood!

Thou shalt not be caught!

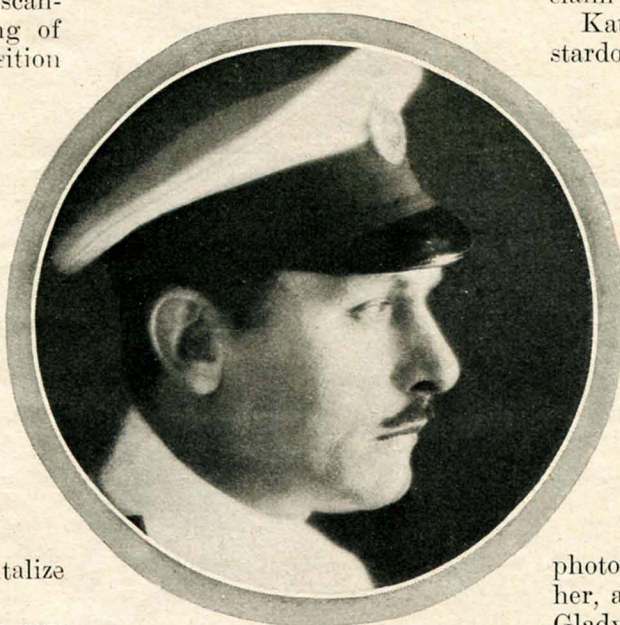
Canned Respectability

THE press agents immediately began turning out sticky tales of the home-loving habits of their clients. For years, male stars considered it was deadly to announce their marriages. Then Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn lifted the veil of mystery from their married state and presto! It became desirable to be wedded.

Wives became the best sort of publicity. The unthinking public, viewing the charming little family group photographs, decided that the father of so nice a family must be a paragon of virtue.

A Great Story

IN ORDER to obtain some of this



Bad publicity ruined Lew Cody's career. His press agent made him out a lady-killer. It was not until he eschewed "heavy" roles and "reformed" that he gained in popularity.

good publicity for his star, a press agent conceived the idea of having her adopt a French war orphan who was scheduled to arrive in Hollywood. The whole story so pleased the city editor of one of the papers that, unknown to the press agent, he sent a photographer to the actress's home to "shoot" her with the baby.

The photographer arrived. The actress, with rare presence of mind, considering that the press agent had never informed her that she was to adopt the baby, graciously posed—

alone—and never gave away the fact that this was the first she had known of the incident.

Must Have Publicity

THE right kind of publicity is absolutely essential to a screen success. In fact, exploitation has often "put over" persons who had no claim to fame.

Katherine MacDonald's jump to stardom from comparative obscurity was largely due to publicity. The fact that she was President Wilson's favorite actress was played up all over the country. It was fine for Katherine, even though Mr. Wilson's reputation for a taste in dramatics must have suffered.

How Universal Publicizes Stars

UNIVERSAL has a long-adhered-to policy of taking an unknown player, flooding the news prints with photographs and stories of him or her, and proclaiming a new "star." Gladys Walton, Eva Novak, Miss DuPont, Carmel Myers and others came into being as stars in this way.

Miss DuPont helped matters along, it is said, by "holding up" Universal. She was playing the lead in *Foolish Wives*, which took a year to make. In the midst of it, the gossips state, she told Universal that unless they starred her in several pictures, she would quit them cold. Inasmuch as the spectacle, *Foolish Wives*, was half finished, and a retake of all the scenes in which she was registered would cost a fortune, Universal had to accede to her request.

How Colleen Moore Won Fame

COLLEEN MOORE's name appeared in practically every worth-while pub-

lication in the country for months, until finally she was featured. Her press agent was a good one, and he gave her the right sort of publicity, so she made good, though she was neither rarely beautiful nor exceptionally gifted.

Sympathy Publicity

WHILE marriages are fine publicity—if they don't follow too quickly upon the heels of a separation—divorces are not so good. So when the Valentino-Acker divorce suit was filed, Jean Acker deemed it advisable to turn the inevitable notoriety into sympathy.

She had a friend, a one-time reporter, who arranged to have her interviewed as to her views of married life. When a reporter called, she donned a simple little house dress, looked pensive and grief-stricken and spoke sorrowfully of her great love for Rodolph.

Managing to gain the sympathy of the reporters, Jean was accorded large quantities of space in the dailies, while Rodolph, dumbfounded at this surprising outburst of her "love" for him, sat back silent for several days, until she began to get a bit too personal in her tone.

"Do you really love him?" inquired a friend of Jean's, one day.

Jean smiled archly. "Well . . ." she hesitated, "you'll admit it was good publicity."

Divorces Are Bad Publicity

As a rule, however, divorces are bad publicity. They come under the head of notoriety, which means "dirt." These days, an actor runs from notoriety as a Bolshevik flees from a bath. It can ruin him over night.

Some three years ago a young blonde leading lady went to New York from Hollywood to begin a serial-starring contract at a yearly salary of \$52,000 plus.

But prosperity went to her head. Narcotics began to get their grip on her. She was one of the gayest habitues of Manhattan's night life.

Her escapades began to get into print, until her company suspended her. She returned to the coast, but her record had preceded her and she could not get work. She made a short vaudeville tour and then came home, "broke."

Then she disappeared for months. Not long ago she was arrested in New York on a narcotic charge, which she insisted was a "frame-up."



PHOTO BY KEYES

The public is always prone to believe evil of a star. Who would believe willingly that Nita Naldi is the sole support and moral stand-by of a younger sister?

"This will ruin me," she sobbed to reporters, "simply ruin me!"

One Party Killed Her

A BEAUTIFUL, impulsive young screen beauty went out on a lark. She was picked up in a raid in the lower Japanese quarter of Los Angeles. From the moment of that bit of notoriety, she died as surely as if by strangulation.

Months later, her name changed and her hair bleached, as nearly made over as is possible for a human being, she returned to the picture colony, chastened and regretful.

But now she is only one of a large coterie of actresses who style themselves leading women. Occasion-

ally she makes a picture for an independent company, but most of her life is spent in regretting that moment of notoriety that withered her career.

Public Prone to Believe Evil

THE public is so prone to believe that an actress is wicked that only a breath of suspicion is enough.

Who would believe until made to believe, that Nita Naldi is the sole support and moral stand-by of a younger sister? Or that Robert McKim is a good husband and father?

Although Mary Pickford has led the life of a cloistered nun, practically, throughout the years of her screen work, and although she centers her pocketbook and attention upon a Los Angeles orphanage, there were rumbles of public disapproval when she married Douglas Fairbanks after divorcing Owen Moore.

Unjust Notoriety Feared

AN ACTOR fears the unjust barrage of notoriety, such as befell Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter at the time of

William Desmond Taylor's murder.

Every minute detail that might possibly be woven into a story was exposed by the newspapers, in an effort to establish a sensational connection between the comedienne and her unfortunate friend.

Things she didn't say were written as coming from her; she was wracked and harassed and could do nothing to combat the virulent attacks.

Then there was a pair of pink pajamas found in Taylor's house. Some wiseacre madly sought to cinch the fact that they belonged to Mary Miles Minter, who, as the authorities proved, knew Taylor only as a kind, fatherly soul who took a gentle, impersonal view of her as an artist.

Lew Cody Suffered From Bad Publicity

AN OVER-ENTHUSIASTIC press-agent who had not realized the turn-
(Continued on page 90)



COL. SELIG'S Stories of MOVIE LIFE

*Reminiscences of
twenty-five years on a Studio Lot*

By COL. WILLIAM SELIG

IT'S A funny thing. In all my quarter of a century in pictures, I've never had a layman take me aside and point out the good side of the movies. But I couldn't count the critics who have wanted to tell me just what is wrong with the movies.

They forget that the motion picture is young; a bit past its infancy, perhaps, but certainly not further advanced than its adolescence. They expect too much of it. Perhaps the movies are like the German's little boy who looked older than he was.

This German, a fat, worried little man, once boarded a street-car in which I was riding in New York. He had with him a boy who looked at least twelve years old. When the conductor came around, the father counted out five pennies.

"Hey," said the conductor, "where's the fare for the boy?"

"Why, he ain't yet five——"

"Five!" growled the conductor. "He's fifteen easy."

"Sure, no," pleaded the little man. "He can't be yet five."

"Well, he looks a great deal older," insisted the conductor.

"Certainly," said the little man. "Why shouldn't he? He's had a lot of trouble!"

Movies Have Improved

THE critics who cry to heaven against the crudity of motion pictures should see one of the films we made twenty or even ten years ago. They would marvel at the improve-

ment that has been made in the technique of picture making.

One of the ludicrous effects often noted in old pictures came from the fact that on every few feet of film, the trade-mark of the producing company was stamped. It would convulse a modern audience to suddenly see a Triangle trade-mark, for instance, stamped like the brand of Cain upon the forehead of the villain who has murdered the old man for the papers. Sometimes the trade-mark would be flashed upon an innocent babe lying in a cradle. But in the old days, the audience took it as a part of the game and never even smiled.

Audiences Were Forgiving

WE HAD more forgiving audiences in those days, anyway. They were willing to use their imaginations, to enter into the illusion of the thing. When a party of guests sat down to a table covered with obviously empty dishes and pretended to be enjoying a delicious meal, the audience didn't write in to the papers about it. No, they accepted the illusion, just as an audience does today in the legitimate theatre. Props were merely symbols a decade ago; if they were quite visibly faked, it didn't matter much. The story was the thing.

Wigs Were Frankly Wigs

COSTUMING a picture fifteen years back was a simple matter. We had no highly-paid wardrobe mistresses to design beautiful raiment for the

players, from gowns to lace handkerchiefs and chiffon parasols. I remember Florence Turner used to play leads and take care of the wardrobe for eighteen dollars a week.

A wig was a wig, in those days. You could spot it as far as you could see it, but nobody cared, even if it was stuck on over one ear. It symbolized a characterization and was accepted gravely as such.

Beards were hooked on and were crepe-paper affairs that wouldn't have deceived a subnormal child. But distinguished actors wore them with great dignity.

A modern character who must have a beard is either ordered to "grow a bush," or simulates a beard by covering his chin with a thin coating of mucilage and carefully sticking the hairs on.

In some pictures today, the star has twenty or thirty changes of costume. Times have certainly changed. A decade ago, an actress might start out as a young girl in a red-checked gingham and appear twenty years later in the same red-checked gingham. And nobody felt it necessary to write in to the fan magazines about it, either.

Economy in Picture-Making

WHEN the question, "what makes pictures so expensive to the public?" is asked, the buck is passed rapidly and skillfully. "Stars' salaries," wails the producer. "High rentals,"

(Continued on page 95)

Hot from Hollywood

The low-down
on the
High-Ups of Screenland

THEY'RE telling this one on Theodore Roberts. It seems that when Theodore was on location during the filming of *Racing Hearts*, he was pestered with the attentions of a little, inquisitive girl, who stopped at the same hotel. The youngster fairly climbed all over Theodore, playing with his watch-chain and pulling at his buttons.

Finally Theodore, turning to the beaming mother of the little pest, asked:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little girl?"

"Suzie," said the mother, smiling.

"Please call her, then," said Theodore.

The Week's Most Terrible Title

THE last few months have seen some terrible titles flashed upon the screen. *The Curse of Drink*, *Left at the Altar*, *Thorns and Orange Blossoms*, *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* . . . terrible titles for terrible pictures. But we submit as a perfect example of the most gosh-awful title of the week the name chosen for Ethel Clayton's new picture, *Can a Woman Love Twice?* Oh, Ethel!

What? No Criticism?

ERNST LUBITSCH has shattered all precedent when he came to America and firmly refused to criticise American motion pictures and American stars. Heretofore, any and all foreign celebrities from Dickens to Chesterton have, with keen pleasure, pointed out just what was wrong with America and Americans, ere ever their boats passed the Statue of Liberty.

"I am not here to find fault; I am here to learn," says this amazing person, the greatest of foreign film directors. He did go so far as to say, however, that he considered Mary Pickford the greatest American screen actress.



Mae Busch has developed a flair
for vers libre.

It is a conceded fact that foreigners choose actors and actresses because they can act, while we Americans often choose them because they are pretty. Lubitsch, however, gallantly contended that good looks are almost as important as dramatic ability, because the voice cannot be

used to "put across" a personality; the face, therefore, must do a double duty.

Gloria Swanson is almost unknown in Germany. So is Nazimova. So are many other of our most famous stars. Why? Because the rate of exchange is still so high that the new pictures are still too expensive to be booked by poverty-stricken Germany, Lubitsch says. Therefore only those players who have been famous for years, whose old pictures are now being rented at a low figure, are known in Germany and other of the more hard-up countries of Europe.

Over the Hill is the greatest picture in the world, Lubitsch holds. It moved his sentimental German heart as did no other film. *Broken Blossoms*, he avers, is a "perfect picture." *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, naturally enough, has not been shown in Lubitsch's country, but he states his desire to see it.

Fans are fans the world over, and in Germany the flappers (they have flappers in Germany too, says Lubitsch) send mash notes to the German Valentino, Harry Liedtke. Pola Negri and Henny Porten are probably the most famous women stars in Germany, and Asta Nielsen, the Danish actress, is very popular, too.

When asked which type is the more popular in Germany, the flapper actress or the woman of the world, Lubitsch said that both types had a vogue, even as here, but that probably the more mature woman had a greater fascination for the Continental.

"When an actress is young, she is not an artiste. And when she has become an artiste, she is often no longer young," he expressed it.

Conrad Nagel Leaves Paramount

CONRAD NAGEL, one of the best-liked actors in Hollywood, has finished his contract with Paramount

and has signed a three-year contract with Goldwyn. He is to be co-starred with the Goldwyn lion, it is said. To even things up, Richard Dix, long a Goldwyn actor, has gone over to Paramount. He will be featured in special productions and all-star casts.

Jack Hoxie Is Game Boy

JACK HOXIE, probably the best-looking buckaroo in pictures, is going to appear in serial films for Universal, at an agreeably robust salary. The announcement recalls an incident that occurred on location, miles from civilization. Hoxie hurt his hand while performing a particularly dangerous stunt. No physician was near, and the injured hand grew worse, until it was decided that one finger would have to be amputated. Hoxie did not wait for a physician or a nurse, but took a sharp hatchet and unflinchingly chopped off the gangrened finger!

Jackie Coogan Vacations

JACKIE COOGAN is vacationing in New York, and when he doesn't have to be on dress parade, he's having a gorgeous time. Which reminds us of Jackie's entrance into the big city. His train got in two hours early and Jackie found only a couple of red-caps waiting for him. No reception committee whatsoever!



The best-looking buckaroo in the fillums, Jack Hoxie, is to star in serials for Universal.

So Ma and Pa Coogan whisked Jackie over to the Hotel Biltmore and secreted him there until the scheduled train time, when he was furtively conducted out of a side door back to the Grand Central station. Then Jackie and his beaming ma and pa and press agent walked out as if they had just hopped off the train. And this time a big throng, attracted by the brass band hired by the press agent, acclaimed the starlet!

Fashion Hint

THE really snappy dressers in the film colony are now wearing one earring only, preferably a long, dangly one. This new vogue makes it very convenient, after one has broken or lost the first of one's set. Now if someone would only start the same fashion in gloves!

Old Film Idol Is Back

MAURICE COSTELLO—remember him, back in the old days?—is coming back. The curly hair and the dimples that made him one of the most potent heart-breakers of a decade back will be seen again in *Glimpses of the Moon*, which Allan Dwan has made for Paramount. Some of his leading ladies in the early feudal period of pictures were Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Fuller and Edith Storey. If you remember these last two actresses you give away your age.

Bebe and Viola on Sick List

BEBE DANIELS and Viola Dana have both been operated on recently for appendicitis. Both are said to be convalescing nicely now. Viola recently signed up again with Metro, to appear in big special productions.

Mary and Dick Are Proud Parents

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is probably the proudest daddy in Greater New York. His wife, known on the stage as Mary Hay, presented him recently with a wonderful baby daughter, who has been named Mary Hay Barthelmess. Mother and child are doing well, and father is simply bursting with paternal pride.

In Memory of Wallace Reid

As a living memorial to her husband, Dorothy Davenport Reid is to appear in a great picture to be



Richard Barthelmess is bursting with paternal pride over the arrival of a new daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess.

used in an anti-narcotic campaign. The picture will be made by Thomas H. Ince. Mrs. Reid's desire to help in the fight in which her husband, Wallace Reid, gave his life, has induced her to take the leading role in the proposed filmpay.

Wallace Reid's estate, left to his widow and son and adopted daughter, is estimated at about \$40,000.

Mae Busch, Poet

DID you know that Mae Busch has a flair for *vers libre*? She is about to publish a volume of free verse, and some of it is interesting, indeed, though startling. Here is a bit from her poem, *Barren*:

Never to see your image in my arms,
nestling at my breast,
Tiny lips draining the milk of my
life,
Tiny hands clutching the tendrils
of my heart,
Why does God creat barren soil,
when He forever fertilizes it with
his rain,
His sun, His softly warm winds?
Is life forever to go on wanting,
With naught for my arms but the
head of a man . . .
Naught for my heart but the lash?

Rudie Stops the Show

RODOLPH VALENTINO goes right on blocking the traffic every time he steps out in New York. A trade paper for hard-boiled theatre managers gives this account of

Valentino's appearance at a charity performance in Gotham:

"To show the hold which Valentino has upon the public (at least the New York public), you should have been with us at the Actors' Fund Benefit at the Century theatre one day last week when celebrities of the stage offered their services in enriching the treasury. Rodolph, with his wife, Winifred Hudnut, put on their tango dance which featured *The Four Horsemen*, and knocked 'em dead. The popular Italian took twenty encores—which may or may not be a record in the annals of the theatre—before the audience allowed him to depart.

"But stay! At the stage door, Rodolph was stampeded by enthusiastic worshippers of the feminine sex. It is estimated that there were about two or three hundred of them paying homage to their newest idol."

The performance was repeated the next week, for the benefit of those who were turned away at the first showing. But this time, Rudie's act was placed last on the bill, so that the audience wouldn't walk out before the show was over. Rudie is doing a dancing turn now in Detroit, at a reputed salary of \$5,000 a week.

The Cloak and Suit Dynasty

A WITTY scribe once called the present film regime the "cloak and suit dynasty." Evidently he knew what he was talking about. Tom Mix, Al St. John and William Russell, all of the Fox Studio, have opened a haberdashery in Los Angeles, catering exclusively to the film trade. We predict an open season for Scotch plaids and checks!

Credit Where Credit Is Due!

WHETHER Rex Ingram or June Mathis was most responsible for the success of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* has long been a mooted question, but now we know. It was neither! Philip Rand, exhibitor of Salmon, Idaho, has made the big discovery and proclaims it in his report to an exhibitors' trade paper:

"*The Four Horsemen* is the greatest play ever shown here. People were wild about it. They laughed, cried and cheered. It is after all, a great war play, and our trap drummer put it across."

Jackie Gets Censored

JACKIE COOGAN has shared with Charles Ray the distinction of being uncensorable stars. But now Charlie bears his honors alone. The London censors have taken a whack at their own Charles Dickens, by deleting the scene in *Oliver Twist* where Fagin instructs Oliver in the gentle art of picking pockets.

Was It a Hint?

RUPERT HUGHES took his company to Norwalk on location, recently. The word of their coming was noised abroad. When they arrived, the company was somewhat chagrined to find a Salvation Army detachment on the spot, with their slogan prominently displayed: "We Save Souls." The company is wondering if the Salvationists meant anything personal by it.

It's a Rattling Good Car

MALCOLM MCGREGOR has a car that is even worse looking than the old Fiat Rodolph Valentino used to ride around Hollywood in. To a cold, critical eye it looks worse than Chateau Thierry after the Yanks got through with it.

Malcolm was working on it the other night and his next-door-neighbor lounged over and said, "Well, I suppose you won't be driving that car around much after this."

"How come?" says Malcolm, who loves the old wreck like a brother.

"Why, I hear that the city council is going to pass an ordinance keeping junk wagons off the streets in Hollywood," said the "crool" neighbor.

Nice For Ethel

ETHEL CLAYTON can never claim an uncomfortable dressing-room as an excuse to break her contract. She has a new and cunning portable dressing room, about twelve feet square and mounted on wheels. It can be shifted to any part of the stage, and contains a dressing table and several chairs. In addition, of course, Miss Clayton has a luxurious permanent dressing suite in the studio office building. It's a hard life, mates!

Jack Pickford, Author

JACK PICKFORD has just proved that as an author he is a fine salesman. The other day he mentioned to a newspaper friend that he wanted to write a scenario. The writer, who knew the hardships of the writing game, voiced the candid opinion that Jack couldn't write a salable scenario if he took a year off to do it.

"Is that so?" said Jack, very much peeved. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a hundred dollars that I can write a story tonight and sell it for a good price before tomorrow noon!"

The friend promptly took him up. The next day they met for lunch.

"Hand over the hundred," said the friend.

"No sir, you pay me," said Jack.

"We're engaged, and oh, so happy!" admit Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd. Perhaps, when you read this, they'll be married.



"Last night, as an author, I wrote a story for the screen. This morning I submitted the story to myself as a producer, and after giving it a careful reading I found it full of merit. So I purchased it. In fact, it was such a good story that I paid myself five thousand dollars for it!"

That's Settled, Anyway

WELL, one of the characters in Goldwyn's *Ben Hur* has been selected, anyway. Kid McCoy will play the part of one of the gladiators. The public can now rest more easily.

Banged Hair for Men Is Latest

DOUGLAS MACLEAN had to play a kid part in *The Sunshine Trail*. He also had to wear bangs, the good old Buster Brown kind. A number of extras followed suit in order to get parts in the kid party scenes. Now that the picture is finished, Douglas and his little friends have gone into temporary retirement, with bandoline and skull caps, trying to get back their high-polish pompadours.

No More Foreign Menace

THE easiest way to remove a dreaded opponent is to win him over to your side. American producers have eliminated the bogie of foreign competition very neatly by bringing to America the most formidable European competitors. First, Paramount brought over Pola Negri; then Mary Pickford secured Ernst Lubitsch, the foremost German director; and now Goldwyn has signed up Victor Seastrom, the famous Scandinavian director, whom Lubitsch declares to be one of the best directors in all Europe.

Society Note

HAROLD HANDSOME of Pigeon Pictures gave a party at the Hotel de Boule last night, celebrating his latest release. Harold has just finished a thirty-day jail sentence for non-payment of alimony.

Jack Mulhall to Star

ALL Jack Mulhall admirers will please rise and give three cheers and a tiger. The handsome young actor has just signed a long term contract with Joseph Schenck, at a salary reported to be \$1,000 a week. Jack has just finished sup-



Bebe Daniels alarmed all her friends lately by undergoing an operation for appendicitis. She's better now, we're happy to state.

porting Norma Talmadge in *Within the Law* and is expected to be cast as Constance Talmadge's leading man in her new picture. And after that, stardom for Jack. Hooray, Hooray, Hooray! Jack has worked long and hard for his honors.

Location Stuff Overdone

WHAT would the press-agents do without the accident-on-location gag? It bids fair to eclipse the lost-jewelry stunt and even the gate-man-didn't-recognize-him story. According to the ancient and honorable publicity writers, the month's crop of location accidents is as follows: Eleanor Boardman is bitten by a camel and narrowly escapes having to have her arm amputated; Marie Prevost freezes her fingers; Dorothy Phillips has break-down after doing lots of snow-stuff at Truckee; Anna Q. Nilsson is seriously burned during a forest fire; etc., etc., etc.

Elaine Hammerstein Leaves Selznick

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN doesn't like her dressing-room on the Selznick lot, or the way the director parts his hair, or something, because, although her contract has yet some time to run, she has left the organization flat. The contract "was abrogated by mutual consent," her attorney stated.

William D. Taylor's Estate Settled

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR's mortal record has at last been written. Finis was written to his financial transactions recently when the court awarded his estate of \$18,733 to his daughter and only child, Ethel Daisy Deane Taylor.

The Road To Actors' Hearts

WHAT do actors like best to eat? Truly Shattuck knows. Truly, once a popular stage star, now purveys "ham and" de luxe to hungry Thespians out at the Mayer-Schulberg studios.

Goulash is far and away the most popular dish she serves. Next in popularity is hot tamales, a favorite delicacy on the border.

Girls who want to reduce order baked potato without butter and a glass of buttermilk. The combination is supposed to be very reducing. Another favorite menu of the diet squad is lamb chops and sliced pineapple.

When Louis Gasnier, a Schulberg director, wants to get all pepped up for an especially aesthetic scene, he stokes up on corned beef and cabbage!

(Continued on page 101)

Temperament . . . or Temper?

What are the most objectionable traits an actor can have, from a director's point of view? The directors tell you here, for the first time, a few of the things that make them put in a reservation for a nice, modern, padded cell.

TRULY, the life of a director is no bed of roses. Temperamental thespians, battles among his "lens louses," refractory and spoiled movie children to direct—all contribute to make his hair grow gray before his time.

Sam Wood voiced the feelings of many a director when he said, after completing half a dozen Gloria Swanson pictures, "I haven't won an argument yet!"

Anna Q. is "Difficult."

ANNA Q. NILSSON has a reputation for being "difficult" to handle. In this case, however, it only means that Anna Q. has a mind and sees no reason to let it atrophy.

During the filming of *Adam's Rib* I saw little Pauline Garon trembling from head to foot at some rebuke from Cecil B. DeMille; she was actually so frightened that she didn't dare talk back.

But not Anna Q! When she feels she has been unjustly reprimanded, she simply walks off the set. No fireworks. She just stays away until the temperature drops.

Gerry Farrar Had Temper

THE DIRECTOR who put across Geraldine Farrar's pictures had his hands full. An operatic prima donna

can give cards and spades to the average movie queen and beat her by a walk when it comes to temperament.



Photo by HOSTETLER

Anna Q. Nilsson is conceded to be "difficult." Which only means that she has a mind of her own. If trouble starts, she just walks off the set until things cool down.

Poor Mr. Fitzmaurice!

It is whispered that George Fitzmaurice had his troubles during the filming of *To Have and To Hold*. Both Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff have no insuperable objection to holding the spotlight.

Bert supposed that, being the hero, he ought to have the edge. And Kosloff, being a most decorative villain and a splendid actor with plenty of Russian self-esteem—well, he wanted all the close-ups that were coming to him.

No wonder the dueling scenes were so realistic!

And Then Pola Negri!

POLA NEGRI is unanimously voted the cut-glass pacifier as the most temperamental woman star in the movies. She has given her director many a troubled moment, it is said.

To begin with, she simply would not begin work, though company and sets waited, until she had secured a Polish cook. How can an actress act without a Polish cook? A very impossibility!

Then, Pola must have her champagne, it is whispered. In Europe one has one's champagne before one commences the day's work. And so the champagne had to be forthcoming, though it considerably

depleted the private stock of one studio official.

Pola is equally unhurried as regards personal appointments. A story has it that, when invited to the Fitzmaurice home for Christmas dinner, she didn't show up, though the dinner was kept waiting until it was quite spoiled.

Women are Worse than Men

ACTRESSES, even more than the male players, cause their directors grief. Mostly because of their jealousy. They begrudge opportunities to others. The beautiful Barbara LaMarr has often contrived to so manipulate scenes that she should face the camera, when the scene really belonged to someone else. Her vis-a-vis has to do her emoting with the back of her head, when playing with Barbara.

Mildred Davis Erred Once

THE only time little Mildred Davis ever displayed temperament was once, several years ago, when the director ordered her to kiss Bryant Washburn. Lots of young ladies wouldn't have raised any cry about that. But Mildred was just out of school, and a Quaker school at that, and she didn't think it was proper.

So Mildred went off in a corner and pouted one whole day. Finally,

"I've directed Gloria Swanson for six pictures now," sighed Sam Wood, "and I've never won an argument yet."

Paramount Photo by KEYES



to get on with the picture, the director let her merely hold hands with Bryant.

Mary Is Easy to Direct

MARY PICKFORD, though absolutely controlling every phase of her films, is plastic material in her director's hands. Indeed, the reason she wanted Lubitsch to direct her was that he wouldn't be afraid to boss her. A number of others, not knowing Mary's sense of justice but aware of her temper, hesitated to order her around for fear of losing their jobs.

I have seen Mary sitting for hours in the hot sun on an upturned box out on location, with everybody else grouped under a big umbrella in the shade, with never even a frown on her face.

She believes, however, that one side of her face is better than the other, and insists on turning that side toward the camera. Photographers, however, tell me she is camera-perfect.



Director Fitzmaurice is said to have had his hands full keeping peace between Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff, during the filming of *TO HAVE AND TO HOLD*. No wonder the dueling scenes were so realistic!

Doug's Director Toes the Mark

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, on the other hand, is always boss. I hesitate to think what would occur should the director cross Doug in any point. Dollars to doughnuts, Doug would win.

The Most Temperamental Male

DIRECTORS agree that House Peters is the hardest man to handle.

The late Wallace Reid was the easiest man to handle, when he was in good health. He was always good-natured, always willing to obey.

Thomas Meighan is another director's delight. He is utterly devoid of temperament, never argues and always gives his co-workers a fair chance at the spotlight.

Once Wes Barry Was Easy

WESLEY BARRY was once a most likable kid, easy to direct and as obliging as a boy with growing pains can be. But the years—and public adulation—make a difference. I watched him one day filming barnyard scenes, under Wallace Worsley's direction, for *Rags to Riches*. He had just returned from his nation-wide tour, somewhat blasé over having called on the President and having been fussed over by governors.

Barbara LaMarr has a trick of making her partner in a scene do his emoting with the back of his head, the directors say.

Photo by WITZEL





When filming **TROUBLE** Jackie Coogan got at the plumber's pipes and flooded an expensive set. An entirely new one had to be built.

to direct is the "accidental success" with a swelled head.

Sam Wood says that the actor with stage experience is harder to handle than one with merely picture training.

Herbert Brenon Speaks

"NAZIMOVA was very easy to direct until she began to think she could direct herself. That is an

Wes was not in the best of humor. The scene required that he and some other striplings play at bull-fighting, chasing the gentle bovines around the pasture. The youngsters had a grand time, but the star gingerly approached Mrs. Cow, tapped her once on the ear with a stick and thereafter sat on a fence and sulked.

"My God," sighed Director Worsley, "It's enough to make a fellow go woozy. Don't go near that cow, Wesley, she's liable to blink her eyes at you."

The whole day was wasted while Wes sat safely on a fence, refusing to be bullied or cajoled into acting.

Worsley's Troubles Persist

BUT WORSLEY'S troubles are not over even now. He is now filming *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* for Universal and his griefs are multiplied.

"I chase my legs off every day," he grieves, "reminding 1923 extra girls that fifteenth century demoiselles did not chew gum."

Tom Just Would Step

TOM MOORE won his director's ire one day because his eyes just would twinkle and his feet would not keep still, during a tense dramatic scene.

But what could an Irish lad do, with a jazz orchestra on the next set?

Wesley Barry was a most likable youngster once, but time and adulation have changed him. Growing pains, perhaps.



What King Baggot Hates

"THE main traits I dislike in an actor," said King Baggot, once an actor himself, "are 'big head' and bluff. I like the actor who does something, instead of telling what he can do. And deliver me from the actor who can only see the camera. He backs into it and walks out through. He never turns his back on it."

Baggot disagrees with other directors in one thing. He found House Peters, the most universally knocked man in pictures, the easiest to direct.

Sam Wood's Dislikes

SAM WOOD claims that the trait in actors that riles him most is a lack of interest in his work. Herbert Brenon, now directing *The Rustle of Silk*, claims women are more pliable than men; they are more spontaneous and not so anxious to boss.

All agree that the hardest person

impossibility, because nobody can be behind and before the camera at the same time.

"William Farnum never makes a suggestion unless he is sure he is right—and he usually is. But others aren't so fortunately gifted.

"Theda Bara's director must always be handicapped by her lack of dramatic training; personality alone made her a success.

"Betty Compson is the easiest woman to direct that I have known."

Mr. Brenon experiences his greatest difficulty with extras. He tells a sad story of an experience with a mob of four thousand extras. He spent the whole morning preparing the scene, patiently rehearsing. He just commenced to shoot when the extras rushed off. Investigation proved that it was twelve o'clock and twelve o'clock meant lunch. When the extras returned from their meal they had forgotten the entire scene, and the whole thing had to be rehearsed again for hours.

Ingraham in the Soup

LLOYD INGRAHAM experienced just one of the many trials that beset directors, while making *Second Hand Rose* for Universal.

The scene required a kettle of soup, real soup, cooking on a gas-burner. It had to be real soup and it had to be hot, so it would photograph naturally; if it was too hot, the steam would interfere with the photography. When I left, he was still after two hours of work, in the soup.

Pink Teas on the Set

FERDINAND PINNEY EARLE doesn't like pink teas. He'll say so. While he was doing the *Rubaiyat*, the lady who was backing him financially insisted on giving pink teas on the set.

It frequently happens that directors are seriously annoyed by visitors, influential people, who know somebody who knows somebody in the studio. Every one has to be polite, or they'll go back home and knock; but when they playfully ask the director, "Oh, do let me play that I'm directing this scene!" is it any wonder that a chap's hair turns gray?

Poor William deMille

WILLIAM DEMILLE requires that his players learn their lines for the scenes, just as in a stage-play. Once having laboriously taught his "silent" actors their pieces, he spent another hour persuading a baby to laugh. When he finally tickled the baby into an optimistic viewpoint, he discovered that Jack Holt had forgotten his lines.

Once Allan Holubar was scared out of a year's growth when some kids started a fire almost on top of an expensive dirigible that he was using. Crowds that collect are a director's most serious annoyance on location.

Prop Department Errors

PROPERTY departments do many marvellous things, but occasionally they contribute a mistake that spoils a director's whole day.

Once Snub Pollard's script ordered him to drive a tandem team of chestnuts. When they got out on location, thirty miles from nowhere, the spanking chestnuts turned out to be decrepit old nags.

Several hours later the chestnuts arrived and then it was discovered that Snub had on a wrong suit.



Most directors agree that House Peters is hard to handle. But King Baggot says he's the easiest, and the best artist of them all.



Betty Compson is the director's delight. They all like to work with her.

What the director said could never be printed in this family journal.

Child Actors

HAL ROACH had his troubles when bossing a bunch of little fiends when making the *Our Gang* comedies. First he found Sunshine Sammy eating up all the ice-cream in the lunchroom; next Jackie Condon was missing only to be discovered trying to wreck the typewriters in the offices. Then Mickey Daniels disappears in the direction of a ballgame and Farina, the little pickaninny, decorates herself with flour! Oh, it's a gay life for a director!

King Baggot says children are the finest actors because they do not realize how good they are. As

soon as a child learns he is good, he generally becomes artificial.

Mr. Baggot tells how he gets youngsters to cry for the camera. He just sits and waits until the baby feels like crying. Youngsters nearly always cry just before nap-time, said Mr. Baggot.

When making *Human Hearts*, however, they had one of those perfect babies that simply never cried. They just had to have a scene showing that infant crying. They waited days for this sweet baby to weep, but weep he would not. So they had to change him for a more tearful infant.

Jackie Turned Plumber

JACKIE COOGAN is ordinarily a good little boy. But when making *Trouble* he noticed all the plumbing and waterpipes constructed about the set. What small boy could resist such temptation? During lunch hour, he and a little darky named Sherbit investigated the possibilities of the pipes and flooded the set. It had to be bailed out and new pipes erected.

A Child Cast

A SHORT while back, Chester Franklin had a beautiful inspiration. He would make a picture with only child actors. Now he is a wiser—and a sadder—man.

(Continued on page 104)

High Life in Hollywood

The Playhour of the Playfolks

By the TATLER

QUITE THE SMARTEST dinner-party that Hollywood has enjoyed for some time was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. The hospitality of the clever Fitzmaurice is proverbial in an hospitable community, and fortunate are the guests who are bidden to the beautiful Fitzmaurice home in Beverly Hills.

A brilliant and cosmopolitan gathering was present. Mrs. Fitzmaurice (Ouida Bergere) was stunning in black, with magnificent diamonds. Miss Pola Negri, who came in for a short while with her fiance, Charles Chaplin, was radiant in palest yellow, cut on the severe lines that only a reigning beauty dares wear. Diamonds flashed about her shoulders and on her white fingers. La Negri wears diamonds as only a few women can; she sets the jewels off, they do not dominate her.

Miss Claire Windsor's stately blonde beauty was enhanced by a lovely gown of white satin trimmed with ropes of rhinestones. A striking head-dress of rhinestones and pearls gleamed in her golden hair.

One of the most interesting guests was Evelyn Vaughn, who is Mrs. Bert Lytell in private life. Miss Vaughn is appearing in an unusual little skit at Egan's Little Theatre in Los Angeles, entitled *The First Fifty Years*.

REALLY, it's discouraging! Last month *The Tatler* catalogued the bachelors who were still flaunting their freedom in the face of Hollywood's femininity. Scarcely had the issue gone to press when Antonio Moreno betrayed us by taking to himself a wife, Charlie Chaplin announced his betrothal (or rather

Pola did it for him) and Harold Lloyd, to whom we had pinned our faith, went to the altar with Mildred Davis.

"Tony" Moreno, who had laughed at Cupid's wiles for lo, these many years, finally succumbed to the charms of a fascinating and wealthy

and the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Tony's home for many years past, will know him no more.

The Tatler wishes Antonio and his bride all happiness.

THE SMART SET of our little colony turned out in force to witness the opening performance of Cecil DeMille's new picture, *Adam's Rib*. There were more ermine wraps than you could count, and as for jewels . . . ! My dears, it looked like a Tiffany exhibit.

The stars, being polite, viewed the picture gravely, but it must be confessed that the proletariat and the uncouth press people laughed in all the wrong places.

Among those very much present were Miss Mae Busch, stunning in a green sequin gown under an ermine cape; Miss May McAvoy in white satin brocade, pearl embroidered; Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, in black velvet and silver with a broad-tail wrap; Miss Betty Compson in a *Boue Soeurs* gown of gold, with gold slippers and head-dress; Miss Constance Talmadge in gray georgette heavily embroidered in silver; and Miss Dorothy Phillips in rose-colored velvet with an ermine wrap.

MRS. GEORGE MELFORD and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa forever enthroned themselves in the hearts of Hollywood newspaper women and magazine writers by entertaining at dinner for the Nut Club, the aptly named society under which the aforesaid writers function. *The Tatler* quotes from "Nerissa Nut's" official account of the great event:

"For years people have been asking favors of scribesses with never a thought of handing them a diamond tiara or a block of oil stock. It was a bright day, therefore, for



Senor and Senora Antonio Moreno, one of Hollywood's most interesting bridal pairs of the month. Mrs. Moreno was formerly the wealthy society favorite, Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger.

widow, Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger of Los Angeles.

What charm has the flapper against the more mature charms of a dashing widow? First Elliott Dexter dashes the hopes of Hollywood maidens by wedding Mrs. Nina Untermeyer, and now our debonair Tony follows suit!

But "We are the happiest couple in the world," Tony announced after the ceremony, and truly, he looked it, dear boy that he is. The newly-married pair motored to San Francisco, where they spent their honeymoon. They are living in a wonderful new home at Silver Lake,



Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa is one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses. She is shown here on the steps of her palatial home, with her dog, Shoki. Shoki means, in Japanese, "The Demon Destroyer." But he's a nice old dog, in spite of his fierce title.

those who wield the power of the press fluently with one finger when Mrs. George Melford descended from her castle on the hill to do missionary work among the great unmounted order of Amalgamated Copy Cats.

"She called in as chief aid Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, and together they whispered the magic word, 'food.' Did the scribes respond? Could the world have saw them rushing up the hill, arrayed as Solomon never dared to be, even in his budwa, the world would know that as a missionary, Mrs. Melford is the cocoanut's whiskers.

"Mrs. Hayakawa received the guests first at her house, and gave them a good shot of gasoline and ether, the first ingredient to get them up the steep Hollywood hill to Mrs. Melford's and the second to keep them quiet after they got there.

"Arrived at the Melford mansion, the guests discovered that the dining-room doors were locked, as the butler ain't strong and couldn't cope with some people who hadn't et recent. However, after a generous round of T. N. T. and ant paste had been passed around, the doors to the dining-room were opened.

Then ensued a rush which shook the foundations and endangered the lives of thousands in the sleeping city below.

"The dresses was elegant. Mrs. Melford was in black with clean neck. Others in deep mourning were Mrs. Hayakawa, Alma Whitaker and the butler. Casualties was light. Guests left upon request and went home to breakfast."

Ecstasy was piled upon ecstasy when "Nerissa Nut," who is none other than Leslie Curtis, a new writer for SCREENLAND, and Mary White, another clever member of the Nut Club, announce that "having saved a lot of money by eating off their husbands for several years," they proposed to entertain their fellow-slaves of the press at luncheon at Marcell's, a fashionable French restaurant in Los Angeles. They did even so, and the Nut Club lunched largely and thankfully on many things that go to waist, against all reducing rules.

THERE are very few engagements among the film elite to report this month. On the contrary! Among the most recent denials of engagements is Miss Lois Wilson's, who says she is not engaged to J. Warren Kerrigan; Mary Thurman, who denies that she is engaged to Allan Dwan; Dorothy Dalton, who avers that she is by no means engaged to Frank Godsol of the Goldwyn corporation, he having a wife already.

Probably the most piquant denial was that made by one Jack Nolan, wealthy son of a Colorado Springs rancher. When the lovely Jacqueline Logan announced to the world that she was betrothed to Nolan and flashed a diamond to prove it, Nolan was ungallant enough to say that if there was an engagement he hadn't been informed of it; and that some other Jack must have given her the diamond, as he didn't have the "Jack."

IF DAME GOSSIP is correct.... and she occasionally is..... Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin will spend their honeymoon on a transpacific liner, as the guests of the Douglas Fairbanks. The Fairbanks plan a long, lazy cruise to Japan and around the world (if they can borrow a liner somewhere without bringing sordid money matters into

the affair) and have invited a group of the greatest celebrities of film-dom as guests.

No date for the Chaplin-Negri wedding has been set. When questioned, Charlie only says, "It depends upon our temperaments. We never make plans."

There are those spiteful enough to aver that the prospective bride is more anxious for the happy day to arrive than Charlie is; that the burnt child dreads the matrimonial fire. It seems scarcely probable, however, with such a lovely bride as the palpitating Pola.

MISS DOROTHY SILLS, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, was the honor guest at a delightful fancy-dress party given by her parents at the Sills home on Crescent Heights boulevard recently. The guests were sixteen girls, classmates of Miss Dorothy at the exclusive Hollywood school for girls.

MISS BARBARA LAMARR, than whom there is none more regally beautiful in a city of beautiful women, was a charming hostess at a dinner given by her at Marcell's in Pasadena. The occasion was the eve of her departure for Dallas, Texas, where she was crowned queen of the automobile show.

Among her guests, all of whom were film notables, were Marshall Neilan and his beautiful wife, Blanche Sweet; Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor; Robert Leonard and his vivacious little spouse, Mae Murray; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis); Miss Colleen Moore,

An informal photograph of Miss Pola Negri whose nuptial plans with Charlie Chaplin are setting the film colony agog.



PHOTO BY KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

John McCormick, Miss Helen Ferguson and Gaston Glass.

IN HONOR of King Vidor's twenty-ninth birthday, Florence Vidor, King's lovely wife, planned a delightful birthday dinner as a surprise. A large birthday cake, glowing with lighted candles, was a feature of the dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) and Miss Catherine Bennett, Enid's little sister, were guests.

A VERY simple and quiet ceremony indeed marked the marriage of Miss Mildred Davis and Mr. Harold Lloyd. Slipping away from even their most intimate friends, the young couple took the matrimonial vows at St. John's Episcopal church.

The bride was attended only by Miss Jane Thompson, a close friend of the Davis family. Gaylord Lloyd acted as best man for his brother.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd left for a motor trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Lloyd has announced her intention of retiring from the screen. She has been Mr. Lloyd's very charming leading lady for several years, and was lately given an opportunity to be a star.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LEONARD are again living in a welter of packing. As soon as Miss Murray's picture, *The French Doll*, is finished, the Leonards will be off to Paris, there to study the new style and permit the adorable Mae to come back attired as the lilies of the field.

MR. JACK PICKFORD and his partner, Miss Alice Lake, carried off the silver trophy awarded to the best dancers on the floor at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador, Los Angeles' smartest hostelry, the other evening.

These weekly dancing contests are productive of much good-natured rivalry in the film colony, and much

interest is shown in the results. Stage and screen celebrities act as judge and both Los Angeles and Hollywood society turns out to view the nimble-footed stars.

At the most recent affair, Gloria Swanson and Betty Compson acted as judges, and Raymond Hitchcock was announcer. The glorious Gloria was stunning in a gown of yellow

due in some measure to the knowledge that she looked her best in a lovely frock of heliotrope tulle.

Marshall Neilan was host to a party of twenty, in honor of Raymond Hitchcock. Others who had parties were Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor and Mr. Mack Sennett.

ANITA STEWART is back in Hollywood once more, after nearly a year's absence. She stepped off the train from Gotham the other day, wearing a gorgeous mink jacquette over a tan sports outfit. She is to install her make-up box at the Goldwyn studio, where she will make *The Love Piker*.

AT A DINNER given in his honor at the *Elite* cafe in Los Angeles, Irving Thalberg was formally installed as head of the Mayer studio, under Louis B. Mayer. Fred Niblo was toastmaster.

Real society and reel society are mixing better and better day by day in every way. The initial performance of a new film is the incentive for many box parties, the guests including the elite of both West Adams and Hollywood society.

Frank Mayo and his stunning wife, Dagmar Godowsky, were royal hosts at a supper party preceded by a viewing of *The Christian*, in honor of Miss Mae Busch. Mae, you know, played the part of Glory Quayle in *The Christian*.

THE return of Jesse Lasky from New York was the *raison d'être* for a pretentious affair that took on all the glamour of a Cecil DeMille production. The host was Prince Ramchandra. The setting was the Tudor-Gothic hall of Castle Sans-Souci.

The castle, the home of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Guido Castles, was turned into a palatial Indian trappings and decorations of the



Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, setting off on their honeymoon. Mrs. Lloyd, as all the world knows, was Miss Mildred Davis.

panned velvet, with a magnificent diamond tiara on her auburn locks. Miss Compson wore an imported frock of silver lace, with a bandeau of tiny French flowers in her hair.

Bessie Love was altogether adorable in an emerald gown trimmed with silver lace.

May McAvoy, who is about as big as a minute, was cunning in white satin, relieved with flower wreaths in applique.

Constance Talmadge was one of the most attractive celebrities present. "Connie" was gowned in cloth of silver.

Perhaps Alice Lake's victory was

Indian period. Served by Indian servants dressed in native style, with Indian viands prepared by natives, the guests, seated cross-legged on cushions, were spirited off to the land of the Orient.

Among the celebrities present were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Prince of Thun and Taxi, Eric Von Stroheim, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil DeMille, Mr. and Mrs. William DeMille and Mr. and Mrs. Castles.

PRINCE RAMCHANDRA was the guest of honor, together with Mrs. D. Grauman, at a theatre and dinner party given by Dr. and Mrs. Castles.

NOT PURELY social but extremely interesting is the fact that an oil well owned by Miss Kathleen Clifford has "come in." The property up at Signal Hill is said to be oozing forth dollars merrily.

MRS. CHARLES RAY gave a cozy little studio luncheon recently. The guests were members of Los Angeles' society and picture people.

CUPID's darts, bows and arrows, red hearts and crimson ribbons formed the table decorations at Mrs. George Melford's Valentine dinner at her home on Hillcrest Road. The honor guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Patten, Will Hays' representative in Hollywood. An impromptu program of music followed the dinner.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale, Mrs. Sessue Haya-kawa, Mrs. Monte Blue, and Mrs. Carlyle Blackwell.

MANY brilliant affairs preceded the marriage of Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. The line that in the past has been drawn so sharply between the

Dame Gossip has it that Irene is planning to open an exclusive Cafe Dansant out Hollywood way, for the inner circle of screen and society people. Something like the charming Castle House which she and her first husband, Vernon Castle, maintained when she was the toast of Broadway.

ONE OF the most dazzling affairs of the season was the annual ball of the Motion Picture Directors' Association at the Alexandria. Everybody who is anybody in Hollywood turned out. Not even old Broadway has ever seen a more lavish array of beautiful women, flashing with jewels and arrayed as the lilies of the field.

Constance Talmadge was the sensation of the evening. My dears! No hosiery did Connie wear on her undisputably shapely tootsies, but a diamond anklet flashed and beckoned with every dainty step.

Which makes us smile reminiscently at the mem-

ory of the lovely Nita Naldi, gently ejected from the Ambassador for the same "offense." And ever since our fair city has been a "village" with Nita.

The returning vogue of the graceful waltz inspired Dorothy Phillips to offer a cup for the best pair of waltzers. However, up to two o'clock of the morning after the night, the contest was not staged. What happened after that time, *The Tatler* cannot say.

THE COCOANUTS almost slipped off their palms in the Ambassador Cocanut Grove last Tuesday evening, when Irene Castle, clad in a
(Continued on page 94)

Little Hints for Book Lovers

The New Books Reviewed

RAINBOW GOLD—Sara Teasdale

The ghost of the child she used to be must have whispered in Sara Teasdale's ear the names of poems she had loved, for *Rainbow Gold*—isn't that a love of a title?—is full of those haunting bits of verse which elude when we try to quote them, but which linger in our hearts. The new poets are represented, too, with charming fantasies that will please children of all ages. The illustrations are utterly appropriate and charming.—(MacMillan Co.)

EMMETT LAWLER—Jim Tully

In Emmett Lawler, Jim Tully has written an autobiographical novel which has no plot but much atmosphere—or rather much road dust, for the book chiefly concerns the adventures of a boy tramp. Tully, who has settled down to newspaper life in Los Angeles, seems to hold a brief for the boys who choose freedom rather than economic independence upon bosses and such. The story is interesting, but at times a bit wearisome, because of the sameness of style and lack of plot incident. It has the freshness usual in an author's first novel, written in his own heart's blood. It is said by one reader that the first two paragraphs are the best he ever read. The book is sombre and hopeless, for the most part, but starkly true to the life pictured.

PEREGRIN'S PROGRESS—Jeffery Farnol

A delight from cover to cover, for those who like Farnol's rapid-action pastorals of early England. The *Tuneful Tinker of The Broad Highway* features again, but this time the lady fair is an uneducated gypsy girl, whom the hero remakes to suit his taste. Every time we read a Farnol book we wonder why they aren't filmed.—(Little, Brown & Co.)

MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett

A highly diverting story of a family that inherits an unexpected fortune. What they do with it will surprise you.—(Dutton.)

MR. DICKENS GOES TO THE PLAY—Alexander Woolcott

In which we learn of Charles Dickens' intense desire for the career of an actor, and his various associations and adventures in the theatre. What makes the book of unusual interest is the delightful collection of unknown letters that make it a valuable addition to any collections of Dicken's works.—(Putnam.)

SUZANNA—Harry Sinclair Drago

Packed with romance, plenty of action, lavish settings, two beautiful senioritas and a bold bandit, this book makes a pleasant evening's reading.—(Macaulay.)

Hollywood colony and Los Angeles' social elite is disappearing. Society is becoming more and more delighted to mingle with the stars.

Mrs. Guy Barham gave an informal but smart little dinner party for the betrothed pair at her home on Arlington Avenue, two nights before the wedding took place.

After their return from the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Collins entertained for them at Marcell's.

THE engagement of Irene Castle at the Cocanut Grove is the incentive for many brilliant affairs. The beautiful Irene has many friends among the film folk.

The Picture of the Month

This page is dedicated to the man and woman for whom the program picture has no appeal. In this space, the finest picture of the month is presented as proof that the cinema can, and occasionally does express real dramatic ideals.

BELLA DONNA

Paramount

LET US render up thanks that Pola Negri thought better of her determination to portray no more "naughty ladies." Had she persisted in this heresy, we would never have had *Bella Donna*, for Bella Donna is a very naughty lady indeed.

Not so naughty as she is in Robert Hichens' novel, however, for the story has been filmed with an anxious eye on the censors. Yet enough of the real life of the tale has been retained to make the drama-lover shudder at the thought of what the gentlemen of the ruthless shears are going to do to this splendid picture, in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

POLA NEGRI is Bella Donna, the *belle dame sans merci*. Her portrayal of the beautiful, cruel, passion-ridden, mercenary woman is superb! It is easily her finest work since *Passion*. American methods of make-up have vivified her beauty; she is always a study in black and white. Her face is a tragic mask;



again it is beautiful as a lotus bud.

Bella Donna is the story of a woman whose love brings evil to those whom she entangles in her web of infatuation. The real action begins in London, where, penniless, wildly despairing because her beauty is leaving her, she attempts suicide. She is prevented by a young English engineer, splendidly portrayed by Conrad Nagel. Pitying her, he tries to buoy up her courage. In doing so, he loses his fiancée, Lois Wilson. Learning that the young engineer is heir to a fortune and a title, Bella Donna marries him. He takes her with him to the desert, where, tiring of his fineness, and discovering that a

(Continued on page 99)

In and About



THE FIRST BATTLE

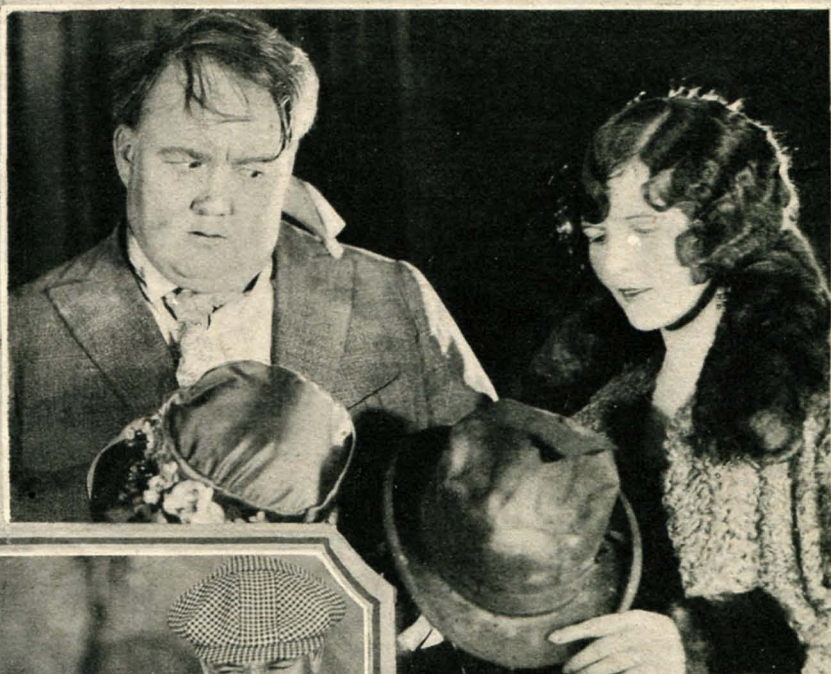
Walter Hier's new bride seems to have proved herself the better half. Hiers is now working on his second starring vehicle, "Sixty Cents An Hour"

PARAMOUNT PHOTO

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

ON THE STROLL-WAY

Olga Petrova, the most temperamental movie queen that Hollywood ever saw, up to the advent of Pola Negri, snapped with her husband, Dr. J. D. Stewart, on the stroll-way at Atlantic City. Madame Petrova is soon to return to the legitimate stage in an Oscar Wilde production.



A MILK BATH

A balky milk bottle is responsible for more bathing scenes than even C. B. DeMille, so Dorothy Dalton watches her director's efforts with apprehension.

Screenland

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

"... and I don't want any back talk, either," says Jack Pickford to wifey Marilyn Miller. Marilyn probably wanted to go out without her rubbers or something.



ON THE RESERVATION

Monte Blue says "How" to Crazy Lightning, the Indian artist. Doesn't Crazy Lightning look enough like Bill Hart to be his double?

AT ATLANTIC CITY

Here's Rodolph, getting a little practice at pushing one of those boardwalk perambulators. You never can tell when an accomplishment will come in handy. Reading from the conventional left to right, Ben Ali Haggin, the artist, Miss Julia Hoyt, Mrs. Valentino and behind the chair, Mrs. F. K. Werner, aunt of Mrs. Valentino, and Rodolph himself.



METRO PHOTO

O SOLE MIO

There's nothing like an occasional serenade to keep wife in good humor, Rex Ingram finds, and his own is no exception. Fancy a great director and a great actress and riding in a Ford! Alice Terry even seems to enjoy it.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

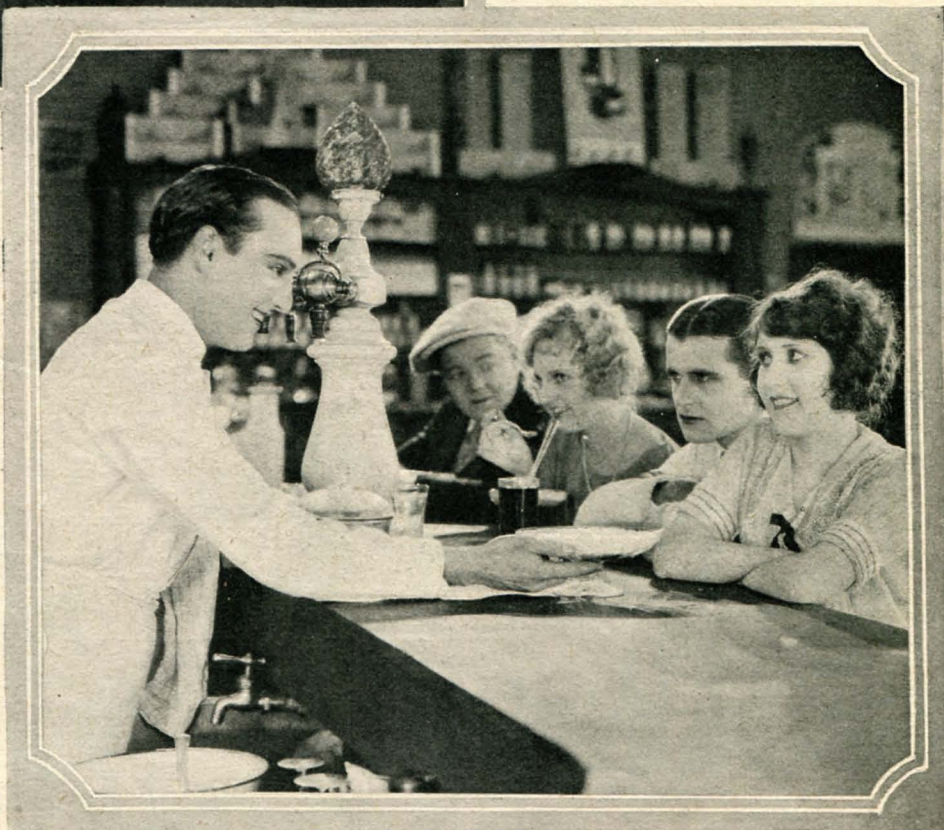
Little Hints for PLAYGOERS



ADAM'S RIB—Paramount
Cecil B. DeMille sets out to prove incontestably the fact that kings make poor parlor ornaments and that flappers have their moments of usefulness and that all work and no play makes Jack a fooled husband or something. Pauline Garon as the flapper daughter is a cute little trick and as pretty as paint. Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson, Elliott Dexter and Theodore Kosloff, all good troupers, worked desperately to save a footless plot from perfectly terrible situations. There was the old blotter trick, by which the husband discovers his wife's philanderings by holding a blotter up to a mirror. There was the moss-covered situation of the daughter, caught in a man's apartments where she had followed her mother, taking the blame to save her parent's reputation. Oh, C. B., how could you!

FIGHTING BLOOD—F. B. O. Pictures

H. C. Witwer's famous "fighting blood" stories, which appeared in Collier's are now in celluloid, with George O'Hara as the lovable, pugnacious Irish boy, Gale Galen, and with Clara Horton as the irresistible boarding house sweetheart, Judy. These two-reel comedy dramas mark a departure in the industry, and unless we miss our guess completely, are destined to create a new vogue. They are virile, clean, and full of wholesome humor that registers almost 100%. O'Hara is a splendid type of American youth, good-looking and spontaneous. The cast could hardly be improved on. There's Mabel Van Buren as the boarding house keeper; William Courtwright as the druggist; Albert Cooke as the fight manager; Kit Guard—a real comedian—as the trainer, Arthur Rankin as the heavy and Morris Ryan as the fat boy. The only thing the matter with the series—and it is emphatically not a SERIAL—is Clara Horton. She lacks sex appeal, and simpers. It is amazing to see how well Mal St. Claire has done with two reels and a rather amateurish cast. The titles are a joy.





MILADY

Dumas' sequel to "The Three Musketeers" comes to the screen with the genuine French flavor. Which is not strange, as it is a made-in-France photoplay. It is a good production, because it has a real plot and superb acting. Some of our home-grown Thespians might take a lesson from "Milady" in the art of restrained expression. No eleventh-hour rescue features this picture; the French haven't the happy-ending complex. But you'll like it, nevertheless.



THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE—Paramount

William deMille's pictures are always worth seeing, because of the intelligence of his directing, but he has made better pictures than this one. "The World's Applause" is chiefly significant because of Bebe Daniels' steadily growing dramatic power. Bebe shows a new womanliness that bodes well for her career. In addition, she has never been more lovely than in this picture. Kathlyn Williams as the jealous wife is splendid.



THE MARRIAGE CHANCE

American Releasing Co.

Nothing has been omitted from this hectic picture that could produce a thrill or a heart-throb. It is replete with sure-fire hokum. Yet in spite of it—or maybe because of it—it's good stuff. Alta Allen's winsome charm is worth the price of admission.



"POOR MEN'S WIVES"—Gasnier Production

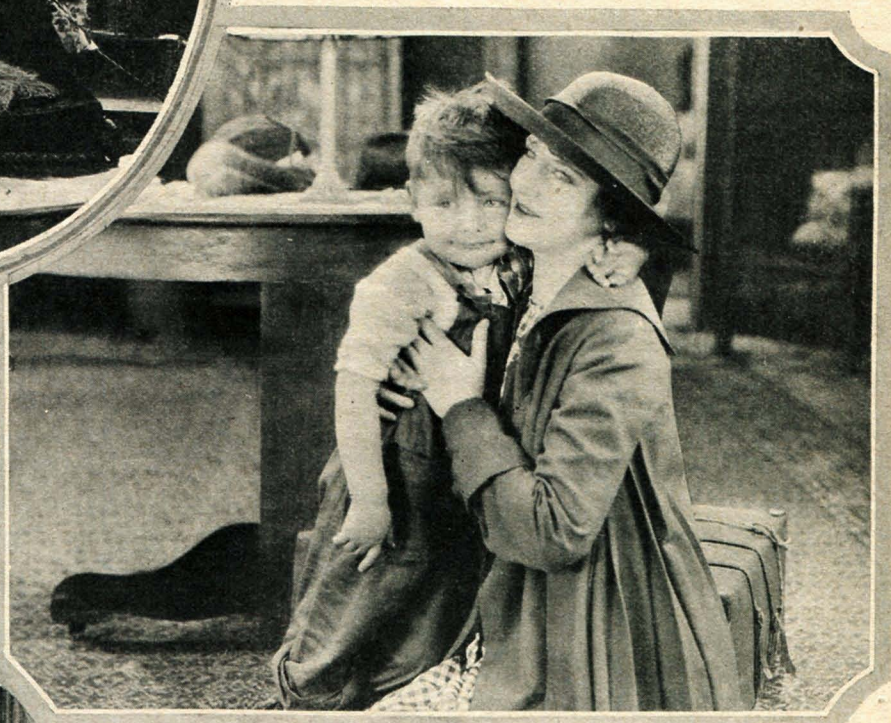
The theme of the play is rather trite. Which is happier, the wife of the poor but honest working man, or the wife of the rich man who philanders? You are given three guesses as to the answer. Betty Francisco is the wife of the rich man; Barbara La Marr the wife of David Butler, who is, of course, the poor but honest husband. Richard Tucker makes a convincing male flirt, Zasu Pitts does the best acting in the piece, as the apple girl, who is forever munching an apple; and to make it a first-class family picture.



THE BOHEMIAN GIRL—

American Releasing Corp.

An English production of the opera of the same name. Except for giving us a glimpse of the English beauty, Gladys Cooper, and the equally decorative Ivor Novello, to say nothing of Ellen Terry, the picture is insignificant. Mildly interesting.



LOVE IN THE DARK—Metro

A brash little tale that somehow strikes the heart. Viola Dana is very much present with all her cutey-cute tricks and occasionally allows Cullen Landis a close-up, so he'll know he's still in the picture. Bruce Guerin, three and a half years old, does the best acting.



ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—Metro

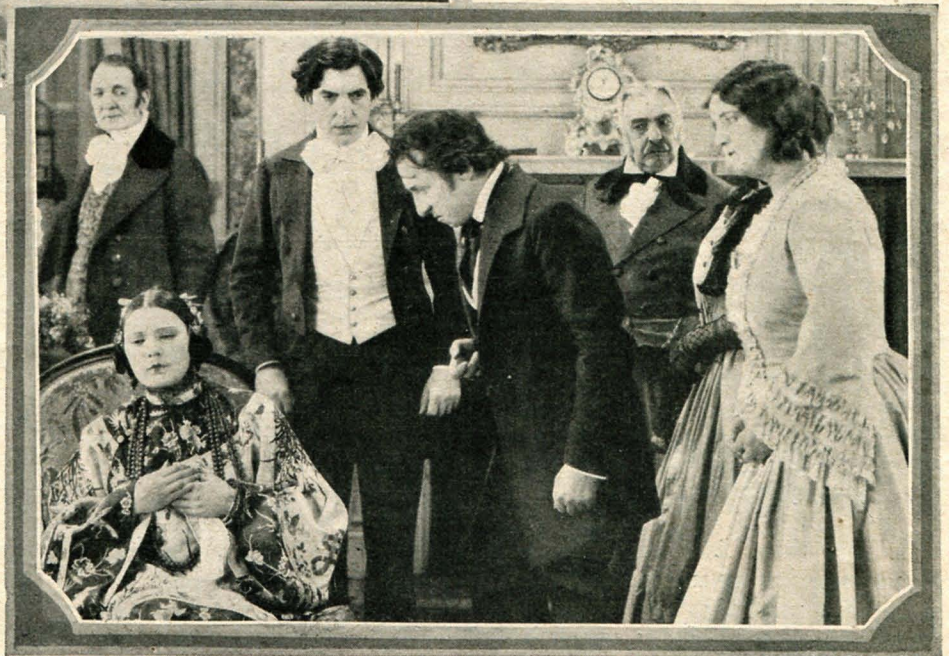
Thank all the powers that be that this colorful and romantic title was not changed to some box-office name like "Passions of the Sea." It is a corking good sea story, with such fine and authentic whaling scenes that the spectators will probably conclude that they are "faked". "All the Brothers Were Valiant" (we like to roll that title over our tongue) is the story of the sea-faring "Shores", a family whose glory was in the bravery of its men. Malcolm McGregor as the last of the line, doubting his ability to carry on the traditions of his house, does excellent work. He has a most appealing personality and his technique becomes smoother with every picture. Billie Dove, while pretty and cute, will never endanger Bernhardt's laurels. Lon Chaney, as usual, dominates the picture as the swaggering, insolent "Mark Shore." It's good entertainment.

THE WHITE FLOWER—Paramount Betty Compson in an authentic Bird-of-Paradise setting. Both Betty and the setting are very beautiful. "The White Flower" is the story of the love of a half-caste Hawaiian girl for an American man and hinges on an eery native superstition that an enemy can be prayed to death. When the girl finds that her lover has a sweetheart, she takes this method of removing her rival. Betty is supported capably by Edmond Lowe. Leon Bary is excellent in a "heavy" role. Arline Pretty isn't so much so as she used to be. The native scenes are splendid, especially those in the priest's hut. "The White Flower" isn't Betty Compson's best picture nor her worst.



BRASS—Warner Bros. If producers don't stop popularizing marriage on the screen, it is liable to invade private life. Charles G. Norris's memorable story is just another marriage brochure on the screen, but presented with a spontaneity and a realistic attention to detail that make it engaging entertainment. The usual situation is reversed: Monte Blue, as the somewhat too-pure papa, stays home and hears baby's prayers, while mama goes cabareting.

JAVA HEAD—Paramount The quaintness and charm of Old Salem have been faithfully transferred to the screen in this adaptation of Joseph Hergesheimer's colorful story. We wish we could say as much for the Oriental character study, which was the "raison d'être" of the printed tale. Leatrice Joy was a charming little American actress dressed up like a Chinese maiden, but she was never the subtle, impassive, intensely cultured Manchu princess that Hergesheimer created. The role required a real Oriental; the Occidental mind can never compass Chinese thought process. Raymond Hatton as the opium addict was all that could be wished. Albert Roscoe was happily cast as Ammidon, and Jacqueline Logan's unquenchable personality fairly radiated in her every scene.



EDITOR'S Page

Are we becoming snobs? **A**PPARENTLY a new custom has arisen in our once democratic midst—that of taunting a successful man with his humble beginning.

Recently, a Detroit hotel proprietor engaged Rodolph Valentino to dance in his ball-room. Chagrined because the crowds that usually throng to see the star failed to turn out, the proprietor issued a statement, stating among other uncomplimentary things that the star had once "polished golf clubs for a living." It happened not to be true. But if it had been, what of it?

This is not the first time that such taunts have been flung at this actor. They come with little grace from Americans who have been taught from birth that success rests not on blood but on one's own efforts.

That Rodolph Valentino has attained fame by his own grit and stick-to-it-iveness in a strange land is highly commendable and in strict accordance with our best traditions.

Why can't Gloria Swanson keep a servant **T**HE servant problem in Hollywood is

one of tragedy mingled with comedy; tragedy for the stars whose servants walk out, and comedy for the onlookers. When the "help" visit around in the big houses out in Beverly Hills and the back stairs gossip is aired reputations are made and shattered. For a real treat, don't miss the mirth-inspiring story, *What the Servants Think of the Stars*, by a maid in a Beverly Hills home. In SCREENLAND for June, out May first.

Frank Bacon did leave an estate **I**N THE March issue of SCREENLAND, we mentioned that the distinguished and lamented actor, Frank Bacon, left an estate said to be only \$250. A reader informs us that Mr. Bacon left a nice home on Long Island and a comfortable income. We are glad to hear it and to make this correction.

Are you getting too fat? **E**VERYBODY is interested in reducing. Ninety per cent of the

American people today are either reducing or are about to do so. Even those fortunate ones who are "just right" are taking their toast without butter and their tea without sugar. And in Hollywood the stars move and have their being with one anxious eye on the scales. Just think if Valentino should get fat! He might as well go bald!

And so in SCREENLAND for June we are going to tell you how the stars keep thin. And we shall pass on to you who are interested in the scientific methods of shedding poundage prescribed by expensive dieticians in Hollywood.

That Burlesque Issue

N. DWIGHT ROBINSON was so enthused over our burlesque issue, and especially the burlesque interview with Valentino, that he burst right out into verse about it. He addresses his effusion to Helen Schruppf, the lady authoress of the interview:

Oh Hazel! Oh my!
I fear I shall die!
From reading your write-up of Rudy.
I'm shaking the room,
Dispelling my gloom,
The neighbors are getting quite moody,
At hearing my shrieks—
"He belongs to the freaks,"
They whisper, "He's loose in the hood."
My loud peals of laughter
Disturb the hereafter.
Oh Hazel! You said it! You're good!

More monkey-gland movies

MAE TINEE, in the Chicago Sunday Tribune, is taking up the cudgels against "warmed over" movies, billed as new films. In Chicago, an exhibitor who believes that the one-a-minute sucker birthrate still keeps up, showed in his house *The Isle of Love*, an ancient Julian Eltinge picture brought almost up-to-date by new sub-titles. Our poor long-suffering Rodolph is billed as the star, although practically all he does is smoke a cigarette occasionally.

"We picture people are queering our own game," the exhibitor said when expostulated with. "But we aim to give the public what it wants. The girls are Rudy mad. All right, if they want to see Rudy, we'll help 'em along."

Remedy: Stay home from the old films.

Next Month—Penrhyn Stanlaw's *Ideal Woman!*

What becomes of beauty contest winners?

WHEN a girl wins a beauty contest and, incidentally, a chance to get into the movies, what becomes of her after the fanfare of publicity trumpets heralding her first victory? Are these beauties ever to realize their dreams? Are the contests put on in good faith? Even if the lovely winner, the prettiest girl in all Kansas or the favorite daughter of the Loyal Order of Kangaroos, gets as far as Hollywood, does she make good?

It's a timely question. In SCREENLAND for June we are giving you the real truth about beauty contests and their value to screen aspirants. Don't miss it.

The Girl Who Failed

You girls who are dreaming of the time when you, too, can come to Hollywood, be sure to read *The Girl Who Failed*, in SCREENLAND for June. It is the true and poignant story of a girl, young, pretty and ambitious, who saved her pennies to come to Hollywood, only to find the road too rough for girlish feet. She tried and failed. Why? Read her experiences in next month's SCREENLAND, out May first.

Scalpers of the Films

(Continued from page 25)

"Man of God"

A RELIGIOUS fanatic, whose belief caused him to wear long hair, was noticed on the streets of Los Angeles one day by a motion picture producer. The idea came to the producer to use him in a picture he was about to make, rather than put a wig on a seasoned extra. The fanatic was approached with the offer, accepted it greedily, and has been a studio-hanger-on ever since. He gets a job once in a great while, making less than enough for a mongrel dog to live on, but he tramps from casting director to casting director, showing his long beard and long hair, only to be told day after day, "Nothing today, old scout."

I sat down beside a big, motherly looking woman in a Pasadena bus one day, and naturally we talked. She looked like a tourist from Iowa, but I found that she is an extra, and has been for eight years. Eight years of precarious existence in Hollywood!

She started with Griffith, who happened to see her at the employment gate, when she was applying for a little fancy sewing to do. Griffith immediately put her into a picture as a mother, and from that day to this she has been a victim of the movie virus. How much better it might have been for her if Griffith had never seen her, if she had been given a little needlework to do instead! Her son and daughter, both married make up the monthly deficit, but they may get tired of it some day and order Mama to come home and live with one or the other of them. How she will miss Hollywood!

Why Not a Bureau in Hollywood?

THE first step in remedying this situation should be the establishing of a service bureau in Hollywood, where the studios are thickest. Why a motion picture service bureau should be located on Hill Street, in Los Angeles, many miles away from the studios, is one of the many unsolved problems that make extras sob in their sleep. Public opinion is forcing this issue. Perhaps by the time this is printed, the much maligned Service Bureau

in Los Angeles will be operating a branch in Hollywood. We hope so. Carfare will at least be saved out of the spoils for the people who earn the money. And to the carfare spent for cashing checks must be added the fare spent on countless trips to the Bureau, made by hopeful aspirants for jobs.

Some scheme will have to be arrived at by which the extras securing work independently of service bureaus will not have to pay the fee. This should be simple, for a nominal fee for cashing such checks could be charged at the studios, and a monthly statement rendered.

Readers may wonder why the studios do not maintain their own service bureaus. In a sense they do, for each studio has a casting office, and application may be made direct. But when a director needs fifty negroes for a South Sea Island picture, or forty children for a schoolroom scene, he doesn't send out calls personally. It would delay matters considerably, for he cannot spend his time selecting names for mobs; if he did, he would never cast the more important parts. The casting director merely turns in his call to the Service Bureau, which gets the needed extras to his studio at the specified time. The accusation has been made repeatedly that many of the studios using the Service Bureau own stock in the concern, and directly profit by the extras pitiful half dollars.

Very convenient, this arrangement—for the casting director. But the fee charged is all out of proportion to the pay received by the extra. For a single day's work the fee is not so bad, when the Bureau has actually secured the job for the extra, but when the job runs for a number of days, the Bureau has certainly not earned fifty cents for every day the extra works. One flagrant case of this kind has resulted in a complaint being filed with the State Labor Commission, charging Harry St. Alwyns, manager of the Service Bureau, at 1036 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, with the discounting of pay checks assertedly not obtained through the agency of this concern.

St. Alwyns in Trouble

THE complainant, an extra who has appeared before the camera for fourteen years, states that he secured a month's work at Universal City, through his own efforts, and not by the help of the Service Bureau in any way whatsoever, but that he was forced to cash every one of his daily checks at the Service Bureau, and to pay to Harry St. Alwyns fifty cents for each check cashed. Thus St. Alwyns received \$15 to which he had no claim whatever, according to the extra. The complaint is only one of a flood of accusations against the Service Bureau, charging unfair discounting of salary checks. Most of the complaints are unfortunately not signed, and only a signed complaint can result in an investigation. The extra with fourteen years experience before the camera says of his complaint:

"I suppose my filing of this signed complaint will mean that I am 'out' as far as pictures are concerned, but I am determined to make an effort to end existing conditions. I would rather quit now than submit to the orders that require extras to give seven per cent of their earnings, and often it is more than that, for the privilege of working in motion pictures."

The Hope of the Profession

THE extras are the hope of the profession. Out of their ranks will come the stars of tomorrow. The pictures can't do without the extras. But the extras *can* do without the pictures, for they can go back to homes, offices, professions, schools. The finer, more high-spirited people in their ranks will become discouraged, will go away. The more obstinate, thicker-skinned, will survive the injustices, the daily discouragements. Would it not be better to attract to pictures the highest class of extra labor? You will not be forced to use more extras than now, Mr. Producer, but those you do use will work better, speak a better word for you, put a better spirit into the pictures, if you treat them as human beings. Think it over, Mr. Producer.

Petticoat Politics in the Movies

(Continued from page 42)

she would come after the girl herself, and then there would be one fine, large row.

Whether Hays bestirred himself or not will probably never be generally known. At any rate, the charmer came home ahead of the company and went into temporary retirement. When she appeared again in the public eye, it was for the purpose of throwing dust in the said eye by announcing her engagement to a non-professional. The alleged fiance appeared vastly surprised, and immediately denied the engagement, retorting that he had not seen her since their public school days.

The girl had been announced as a member of the next special production, to be made by the director hero of this little story, but it is significant that no more was said of her participation in the picture, and in the finished version her charms are conspicuous by their absence. A dear little ingenue, of

most irreproachable reputation, took her place in the cast.

Score one for the outraged wife!

Saving Hollywood's Reputation

SAVING Hollywood's reputation has become a fascinating and worthy game among those who have much to lose every time Hollywood's eye is blackened.

Averting scandal for the sake of the profession is right now engaging the keen feminine diplomacy of one of Hollywood's most sensible matrons. Herself the victim of a near scandal which she successfully averted, she is taking a great deal of friendly interest in the case of a young couple, married eight or ten years, and formerly spoken of as one of the ideally mated pairs in a city of mismates.

The situation is a common one, not only in pictures but in every walk of life. The wife allowed herself to go downhill slightly, from a personal appearance standpoint, in her strained endeavor to help her husband. She worked at menial labor, to give him a chance in the films. She had come to Hollywood to work as an extra in pictures, and was making quite a success in a small way, when her husband was bitten by the movie bug. He was told that he was an unusual type—and he is. His tall, rawboned body, and ugly, strong, sincere face, have a peculiar fascination for flappers, and men do not despise him, for he has none of the attributes of a matinee idol. But the struggle to establish the husband was a long, severe one for the wife. She voluntarily gave up her own little career to further that of her big husband.

But in the last year or so, with success for the husband, has come a monstrous conceit and an utter disregard for the woman who made it all possible. Believing that her husband would be more successful if it were not too generally known that he was married, the wife consented to be kept in the background. She went to few of the affairs at which movie stars congregate, and as a consequence of her secluded life, she lost some of her former attractiveness, became rather a "back number" as to fashion, conversation and ideals. She retained all those

queer old-fashioned ideas of wifehood, not realizing that her husband was losing that viewpoint and attaining one diametrically opposed to it.

Recently the husband went to New York as a featured player in a special production. His wife did not go along. It was the first time the big boy had ever been to New York, and its life and gayety dazzled him. He became an easy prey to pseudo-love, offered him by a beautiful artist's model, of shopworn reputation.

When he returned to Hollywood, the star, aflame with what he thought was romantic love, told the patient little wife, who all aflutter with happiness, met him at the train, that he was not going home. *He was in love!* He seemed to expect his self-sacrificing wife to rejoice with him, but she was strangely obstinate. She wanted her husband. She did not want to turn him over to someone else, who had never done anything for him.

But the husband was determined. He took rooms at a hotel, and the couple are still living apart.

But Hollywood's more responsible heads are determined to avert a scandal in this instance. The wife of the great director, learning the pathetic story of the heart-broken wife, and knowing how she felt from her own bitter experience, went to the wife and offered friendship and help. Now the director's wife and the star's wife are seen together constantly. She is teaching the self-neglectful little wife how to dress alluringly, how to dance the new steps, how to flirt innocently.

The recreant husband saw his wife in a party at the Ambassador hotel not long ago, and was suddenly inflamed with jealousy, although he himself was with a Hollywood beauty. He went to the director's wife while his own wife was lancing with another man—an actor—and asked her what it meant. She told him gently that she did not think it was any of his business, since he had abandoned his wife, but he insisted that it was. Before the conversation had ended, he had pleaded with the director's wife to make a luncheon engagement for him with his wife.



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Now the good lady has high hopes that a scandal and a broken-up home may be saved. But the infatuated young fool of a star still asserts, his friends say, that he intends to divorce his wife and marry the artist's model. We hope not, both for his sake, his wife's sake and the sake of the profession.

The Social Game

A PHASE of petticoat politics which has few examples in Hollywood, because of Hollywood's isolation from the rest of the world, has to do with the social game. Hollywood has a society all its own—upper crusts, well divided casts, cliques, snobs, etc. But the players, even the most exceptional men and women in the game, are seldom identified with "high society" as the rest of the world knows it.

But every once in a while a ripple in the film colony is caused by a slight breaking down of the barriers of society and the entrance of actors into the sacred circles. And occasionally a "society" woman from the outside becomes interested in picture folk, much as they do in freaks.

Not so long ago a very rich and powerful woman came to Hollywood from New York to tickle her pleasure-jaded palate with hitherto untasted food. Her name, which is internationally known, was an open sesame to every studio and home in Hollywood. The "society" matron seemed to get a lot of fun out of entertaining movie celebrities, little dreaming of the dissension and heart-ache she was stirring up. Invitations to her lavish parties at the Ambassador were as sought after as cards to a White House wedding. The most involved petticoat politics were played in an endeavor to horn in with the rich woman—not because she was rich but because she was one of the nation's "four hundred." She took a keen delight in suggesting stardom of little known girls to awed producers and directors. She had it in her power, while she was here, to damn a reigning star or to raise a nobody to the heights.

She took up, as her special protege the dancing partner of a famous dancer, now entertaining in Europe, and secured screen tests for her. But after she was gone, and the magic of her position was withdrawn, the producers came to their

senses apparently, for the dancer was never starred. But no one outside the movie colony can realize the stir that one woman created in Hollywood.

Playing to a Name

ONE god above all others is worshipped in Hollywood. It is the Great God Publicity. In the name of Publicity all crimes are forgiven; all subterfuges made honorable.

If there comes to Hollywood a celebrity who is still in the limelight of national and international publicity, nothing is too good for him—or her. The more startling the publicity which has made a celebrity, the more welcome he or she is.

When Elinor Glyn came over from England to take a hand in the making of movies, Hollywood simply sat up on its haunches and fawned for a kind word. Elinor Glyn could have anything she wanted—and she wanted a good deal. Add to her fame, her notoriety, if you will, the undeniable charm of this exotic woman-author, and you have an unbeatable combination. The pictures Elinor Glyn made were not especially good pictures. Her stories were highly censorable and did not lend themselves to the screen with particular success. But Elinor Glyn received fabulous prices for her stories, fabulous salaries as director and continuity writer, etc. A rare and outstanding example of petticoat politics, judiciously mixed with the two most powerful elements—publicity and sex appeal.

The Public Responsible

IF THE movies are a victim to petticoat politics, which in the last analysis means sex appeal, who is to blame? Practically every star that has made by the public has been made on the score of sex appeal. It is the one topic uppermost in Hollywood; in fact, in the world today, if the truth were told. This is the age of Sex Triumphant. When the public is more interested in the acting ability of a star than in her sex charm, or when flappers like a George Arliss better than a Rodolph Valentino; then, perhaps, will sex be relegated to an inconspicuous place in the movies, and art will become supreme.

But—what is art?



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Address

Thou Shalt Not Get Found Out

(Continued from page 65)

ing of the tide of public opinion, borrowed Oscar Wilde's epigrams freely, signed Lew Cody's name to them for publication, had Cody posed as a lady-killer off-screen—and Cody's light as a star died out as quickly as it had come to shine.

It took a year of personal appearances to kill the impression that Cody was a roue. Now he is attempting hero roles and is "reformed."

Valentino Recovered in Time

WHEN Rodolph Valentino first became famous, after his wonderful lover-role in *The Four Horsemen*, editors had him interviewed on two subjects, love and dancing. If he wouldn't talk on those subjects, the interviewers usually quoted him anyway, so that his remarks were very Continental in tone and a bit lurid.

The result was that the men, who looked upon such a fine dancer and a man who was so popular with the women with suspicion anyway, dubbed him "lounge-lizard." As a matter of fact, he isn't one; he wisely shut down on the lady's-man publicity and began giving out he-man stuff. He posed in athletic costumes, revealing his superb physique and deprecated his success as a lover. He is angling for the liking of the men, now.

Imitation Stars

CHARLES DE ROCHE is getting off to a bad start with the fans, although he has not yet been given a chance to show what he could do. The impression got out that he had been imported by Paramount to take Valentino's place.

Immediately all the loyal Valentino fans arose in their might and said, "Try and do it!" He starts with an unfortunate prejudice against him. Paramount officials have never stated that he was to fill Valentino's place, and are doing all they can to deny the charge.

Ramon Navarro had the same drawback to battle against, as Rex Ingram's protege immediately succeeding Valentino.

The easiest way to damn any ambitious player is to label him or her

a second Valentino or a second Pickford.

Mary Miles Minter's Handicap

MARY MILES MINTER was a pretty little girl when Paramount first signed her. But she was not a great actress. So when they asked her to fill Mary Pickford's shoes, just because she had curls like Mary's, why, of course she failed. If she had been permitted to go along as just Mary Miles Minter, a nice little leading lady, she might have gained a fine following.

Gladys Walton's Debut

GLADYS WALTON was another unfortunate aspirant who was heralded as a second Mary Pickford by Universal. She is still a star and does nicely in the flapper roles they give her, but she is no more a second Mary Pickford than this writer is a second Shakespeare.

Publicity Must Go On

THE stars *must* have publicity, good publicity, by which the press agents mean anything that isn't bad publicity, so the public is deluged with the stereotyped tales of stolen jewels, reported engagements to Charlie Chaplin and press photographs of stars taken in action on the tennis court, wearing shoes with heels.

And the aspiring editors of the newspapers go on endeavoring to find out if there is any truth in the rumor that So-and-So of the True Art Studio is having an affair with his wife's maid.

It is a battle of publicity against notoriety. And the eleventh commandment is strictly observed:

Thou Shalt Not Get Found Out.

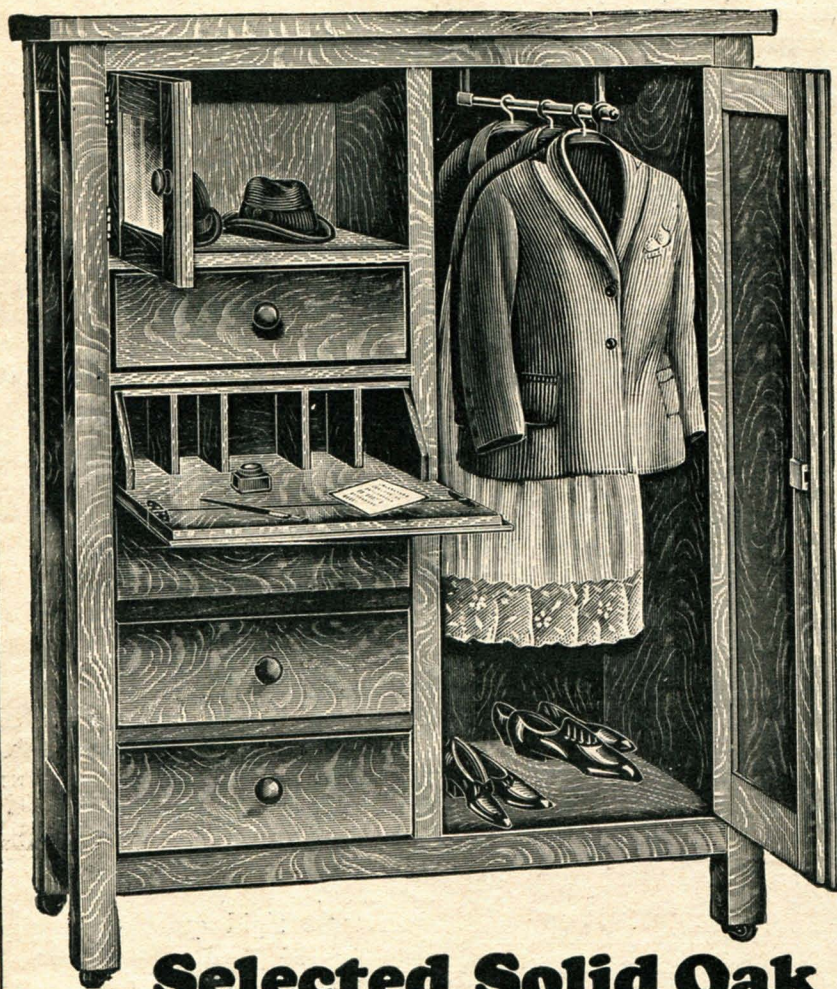
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Movie Pests

(Continued from page 60)

at night a loge or a dress circle seat is the thing. This may be explained by the fact that women downtown shopping for the day just drop into the theatre to rest. Then, too, women bring their children to the show during the day and buy the cheaper seats for them.

The deadbeat is a plague that is fought constantly. He has many different methods of getting in. He may step up to the theatre door and tell the man in charge that he has left an umbrella inside. If admitted, he must be watched, or he will slip inside and be lost in the crowd.

Deadbeats Have Many Tricks

MANY times the deadbeats try to pass tickets to other theatres. They have even been known to attempt admittance with blank bits of cardboard. Many men ask permission to go to the smoking-rooms. They are always refused.

Finally, there is the would-be free patron who claims that "he knows the owner, who said I could come in any time I wanted to, etc."

Women are forever forgetting things in the theatres. They leave all sorts of things behind them, gloves, umbrellas, furs, pocketbooks . . . even their hats.

Men very seldom forget things. Probably because they carry everything in their pockets.

Why They Go to the Movies

Fans use motion picture houses for many and varied purposes. Farmers in from the country like to slip in and take off their tight new shoes for an hour or so.

The shopper drops in to rest a bit before catching a crowded street-car home.

Friends who meet unexpectedly on the street say, "We can't talk here; let's go to the movies."

And a good many persons with "something on the hip" pick out a nice, dark corner to take a little nip, unobserved. But these corner drinkers are about due for a big surprise, and federal officers are now keeping a close watch out for such little tricks. The next time you see a person peering about suspi-

ciously in your favorite cinema house, look to see if he's wearing a badge.

Foibles of Fans

IF YOU'RE a man, you may have noticed that the other sex is prone to side-step blame. If you are a woman, you mayn't have noticed any such thing. However, theatre managers (male) say that when an usherette detects a woman talking too loudly and cautions her to be quiet, nine times out of ten she will assert it was someone in front of her who was doing the talking.

Mothers of noisy children will almost always fiercely resent any rebukes administered, either by the usherettes or disturbed patrons. Fathers, on the other hand, will try to quiet their off-spring.

Are You a Perfect Fan?

If you would be a perfect theatre-goer and win the love of the "lobs" and usherettes, there are several things which you must remember.

The first is, obey the simple rules which are observed in most houses: Be courteous.

Do not argue with theatre employees. They can't change existing rules.

Preserve rigid quiet inside the theatre.

Do not eat or chew noisily.

Be considerate of those around you.

Aid the management in preserving the dignity of those near you.

Bear these things in mind and you will be a respected patron and

Four Flushers of the Films

(Continued from page 38)

A mischievous smile played about the friend's mouth for a bare second. Then she spoke in a cheerful voice that carried across the room:

"Why, dearie, surely you remember me! Don't you remember, we used to have the same dressing-room and I used to lend you a clean shirt when yours was in the wash!"

What next? Maybe they'll use puppets instead of stars. We may be bluffed yet into writing fan notes to them!

Do Jews Control the Movies?

(Continued from page 17)

port. Zukor enlisted the aid of Wall Street in the financial crisis.

After Wall Street once got control of this promising company, it tried its usual little stunt of absorbing control. But Zukor accomplished the wholly neat and unprecedentedly business of using Wall Street as a tool; he merely lay low until the financial crisis had passed and then threw Wall Street out, neck and crop. It is said that Wall Street itself laughed at the novelty of the situation.

Vera Gordon Jewish Type

VERA GORDON, frankly Jewish, is the highest type of actress and a credit to her race. Her wholesome home pictures have done much to gain friends for the films. She was born in Russia and educated there.

Her stage career was begun in this country. But it was in *Humoresque* she made herself beloved of thousands. The little dramas of Jewish life have given something very worth while to picture-goers.

Goldwyn Brings Eminent Authors

SAMUEL GOLDWYN will be remembered as the man to bring eminent authors to the screen. The motion pictures have benefited by his act.

Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Rupert Hughes, Maeterlinck, Octavius Roy Cohen, Elinor Glyn, Peter B. Kyne and other well-known names in literature have enriched photodramatic technique.

Incidentally, while speaking of Goldwyn, it is interesting to note how Goldwyn Film Corporation gained its name. Samuel Goldfish, then head of the company, was allied with Selwyn. For a film trade name, they combined the first syllable of Goldfish's name with the last syllable of Selwyn's. Ultimately, Goldfish took the name for his own. The spiteful suggested that the name would have been more apt had they switched syllables, using the *first* syllable of Selwyn's name and the last syllable of Goldfish's.

Sol Lesser is High Jewish Type

SOL LESSER, producer who has sponsored the Jackie Coogan productions, is a Jew of the highest type. A man of refinement and culture, he is doing much to make pictures wholesome and very much worth while.

The Warner Brothers

THE five Warner Brothers, headed by Jack Warner, are doing real service to the films in bringing the best sort of literature to the screen.

Main Street, and *The Beautiful and Damned*, and *Brass* are examples of the worth-while stories screened by these Jewish producers.

They are also responsible for the bringing of David Belasco, foremost American stage producer, to the screen. Belasco is to oversee the production of *Deburau*. The Warners have given us something to look forward to, also, in *Beau Brummel*, in which John Barrymore is to star.

William Fox Jewish, Too

IN *The Connecticut Yankee of King Arthur's Court* and *Over the Hill*, William Fox has atoned for other less brilliant productions. These two pictures alone have made thousands of friends for the motion pictures.

Douglas Fairbanks Has Hebrew Blood

DID you know that Douglas Fairbanks has Jewish blood in his veins? His real name is Uhlman, it is claimed by those who knew him years ago. He has done much for the advancement of pictures, and his *Robin Hood* is a masterpiece of dramatic action that marks a step upward in film technique.

Beautiful Elaine Hammerstein

THE inherent love of the drama possessed by almost all Jews is the heritage also of Elaine Hammerstein, who is half Jewish.

Little Patsy Ruth Miller has Jewish blood also. So has Lila Lee Apfel and Leah Baird.



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"Can Anything Good Come Out of Hollywood?" was written by Laurance L. Hill and Silas E. Snyder, two experienced newspaper and magazine editors and investigators who have made the motion picture capital their headquarters for over a decade and know that fascinating, make-believe community like a book both from the inside and the outside of the picture studios.

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Do Jews Control the Movies?

Elliott Dexter is Jewish

THE distinguished actor, Elliott Dexter, is Jewish. So, too, at least in part, are Robert Warwick and Irving Cummings.

Larry Semon is Jewish

THE Jews are well represented by comedians, for Larry Semon is of that race. His comedies are always clean and are often even funny. And any person who can make this sad old world forget for a while that the rent is coming due and the income-tax impends is a public benefactor.

Lovely Carmel Myers

THE beautiful Carmel Myers is of Abraham's race, the daughter of the late Rabbi Myers of Los Angeles. Carmel is one of the finest girls in pictures and a credit to her profession.

Courage of Convictions

THE Jews have always shared with the Scotch the charge of mercenariness. They only gamble on sure things, it is said. If that were true, you would find no Jews in

pictures, for making motion pictures is the biggest gamble of all. You need a strong heart and a poker face to sit in at all.

When a man gambles a cool million on a picture, as Carl Laemmle did on *Foolish Wives*, he's a good gambler.

When Goldwyn brought the foreign picture *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, it was a long chance. Goldwyn lost. The more sophisticated critics enjoyed the picture, but the public simply couldn't see it. And to cap it all, fear of foreign films by some picture-makers incited a charge of pro-Germanism against the picture.

To Jewish business men who were willing to take a chance, we owe *Blood and Sand*, *The Four Horsemen*, *The Miracle Man*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Christian*, *Bella Donna*, and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Any industry that produces such as these can be forgiven other lapses. That so young an industry could produce these masterpieces is hopeful in itself. And that Jews who control the industry have had the vision to give us these pictures is answer enough to all maligners.

High Life In Hollywood

(Continued from page 78)

magnificent ermine wrap made her first appearance in the Ambassador Coconut Grove before over 1200 leading stars of the motion picture and theatrical world, as well as a great host of society folk.

Never before has any star received such an ovation at the Coconut Grove as that tended Mrs. Castle and her dancing partner, William Reardon.

So great was the enthusiasm that the incomparable Irene was compelled to slip away, change her costume and appear again, giving no less than seven different dances during the evening, followed by a speech and a judging of the weekly dancing contest, which was won by the charming little, blue-eyed May McAvoy.

For her first appearance Mrs. Castle wore an orchid chiffon Parisienne creation which floated through the air like a gossamer breeze surrounding the beautiful

dancer. She changed later into a white georgette creation, trimmed with great billows of ostrich feathers. Following her dance Mrs. Castle held a regular impromptu reception. Among those who came to pay homage were: Mr. and Mrs. Earl Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Marshal Neilan, Elaine Hammerstein, Mary Miles Minter, Richard Dix, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Constance Talmadge, Mae Murray, Corinne Griffith, Gaston Glass, Jack Holt, Monte Blue, Ruth Roland, and many others.

Constance Talmadge looked particularly attractive in a metal cloth gown trimmed with orchid. Elaine Hammerstein wore a magnificent black gown, with a beautiful pearl headdress. Mae Murray was bewitching in an ivory colored gown, trimmed with lace and a sparkling bandeau was entwined in her hair. May McAvoy was indeed charming in white satin with blue flowers.

Col. Selig's Stories of Movie Life

(Continued from page 66)

says the exhibitor. But the public that has to pay fifty-five cents and up for mediocre pictures, rightly says "Wastefulness in production."

The producer and the directors and the stars are all willing to economize, if the other one will do the economizing. They're like the wife, whose husband insisted that they must cut down expenses.

"Very well, dear," she said meekly. "You shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."

Whatever other sins we committed in the early days, we were economical.

No Vampires

WE NEVER went in for vampires much, even when they were so popular. The only tiger skins that were worn on our lots were worn by the original owners of the skins, right in our own zoo.

I remember, however, what a sensation Theda Bara made in those slinky pictures of hers. Such names as they gave those pictures! *The Vixen*; *The Tiger Woman*; *Cleopatra*; *The Rose of Blood*; *The Forbidden Path*.

Kathlyn Williams Was College Girl

I THINK we had the first college woman actress on any studio lot. Kathlyn Williams was the distinguished actress. She was a graduate of Wesleyan University and also of the New York School of Dramatic Art. We stood rather in awe of her at first. College women were scarce in pictures then. In fact, they aren't so common now, in the acting end of the game.

HEDDA NOVA was another of our early actresses. She was educated in Odessa, Russia and in Berlin. She was a most interesting, intriguing creature.

Lovely Mary Anderson was with us, too. She played in *The Haunted Ranch* and *The Vanishing Trail*.

Twenty-five years experience in the picture business have given me many laughs, more than a few gray hairs, and a deep insight into human nature. Would I do it all over again? Well, I feel about it rather like the man who had ten children; he wouldn't take a million for any of 'em and he wouldn't give a nickel for another.

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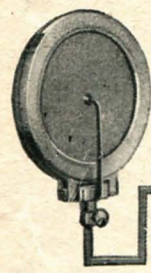
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Hurrah for Hokum

(Continued from page 57)

Ray, recognized as being in a class by himself for original hokum. In fact, Charles was so successful in "putting over" the awkward, gangling country boy with all his clean, fine fun, that he believes that the general picture public does not give him credit for being anything but a "rube" in real life! It is to laugh—for Mr. Ray is a polished gentleman and a versatile actor, with a brain that works twenty-five out of twenty-four hours. That's why his hokum is different.

Charles believes that the jazz-mania of the day demands hokum painted with a broad brush in certain classes of pictures, and the pendulum swinging as far the other way toward conservatism demands different treatment, a finer brush of hokum. In the research work preceding the filming of his latest vehicle, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Mr. Ray found that history relates how Standish spread home-made mustard on his roast venison, provided by the Indian guests at the first Thanksgiving dinner. An Indian near him did likewise, only he spread great gobs of mustard on his meat. The fiery mouthful burnt all the way down and threw the poor Indian into convulsions. Probably everyone who beholds that scene will feel that mustard burning his own stomach—such is the power of hokum a la Charles Ray!

Broad Hokum and Delicate Hokum

Now, Mack Sennett, comedy producer, would paint this same scene with a "broad brush." He would have his character smear mustard all over his face, gulp, shed tears and hold his stomach in a way to send us all into a gale of laughter.

One hokum will make us suffer with the Indian because the surrounding atmosphere makes his blunder look entirely natural and true to the historical record. The other will make us respond to that perverted streak of cruelty in human nature which makes us enjoy the misfortunes of another.

Costumes are Hokum

BY MERELY wearing the costume of 1620 Charles Ray is heeding our

demand for a "realistic" portrayal of the romance told in Longfellow's poem.

Hokum is Foundation of Industry

HOKUM becomes a fine art when it accomplishes its purpose without being recognized as such, in the opinion of Thomas H. Ince. Mr. Ince is one of those pioneer motion picture producers who declare most emphatically that hokum is the foundation of the industry, and much of the great superstructure already built was of hokum, too. The director who puts the newest, cleverest hokum into the picture is the fellow who can gauge the box office receipts before the production is even released. He *knows* what is "sure fire stuff." If he didn't some other director would soon have his job.

To get a "close-up" of this imaginary monster called hokum Mr. Ince points out that it is a question of good hokum and bad hokum that is causing all this discussion, not a concrete objection to the use of hokum in a picture.

What is Bad Hokum?

WHAT, then, is bad hokum? It is merely bad directing or a poor story—and most often it is the latter. Every director takes a pride in his work and he cudgels his brain to present a hackneyed theme in a new way. Maurice Maeterlinck truly said that the director is the real artist in every photoplay.

John Griffith Wray, who directed *Hail The Woman*, *Lying Lips*, and more recently, *Ten Ton Love*, soon to be released, observes that the hokum which "puts over" a comedy must be a capacity for suffering. Comedy is so closely akin to tragedy that it requires mental agility to mark the difference. Since comedy is accomplished by a mental process it is far more difficult to screen than the drama which emanates from the emotions of the heart. It is comparatively easy to express any emotion on the human countenance, but to show what will evoke laughter is an altogether different thing. The mental aberrations of a character do not show on

Hurrah for Hokum

his face unless very much exaggerated through the medium of hokum.

That is why comedy hokum so often carries an odium. Directors are frequently forced to employ the same old methods that the "business" is stale to everyone, and to the trained critic who has seen the same thing a hundred times—no wonder he prays for relief!

But good, original hokum in a comedy grows better as the same picture is seen again and again. That's how much we appreciate the efforts of the director who gives us something fresh!

Hokum is Illusion

LIFE is so full of all kinds of hokum that it is hard to find the place where illusion leaves off and reality begins. Every maiden believes her first sweetheart is absolutely perfect until she learns better. But she is happy in the illusion while it lasts. It generally happens that she learns better only after she sees a fault in her idol and discovers that most of the other fellows have the same fault. Hokum does not make us sick until we have seen it over and over and its original charm has vanished.

Instead of getting excited about the place of hokum in a picture why not examine our personal preferences? We either enjoy a picture which grips our hearts with one emotion after another or we do not enjoy it.

News-reels Have No Hokum

LET an exhibitor show a photoplay like *The Silent Call*, Mary Pickford's *Tess of The Storm Country*, D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm* in one theatre. These pictures reek with hokum.

Half a block away, in another theatre let him show news reels, which are absolutely true to life—perfectly bare of illusion.

Which theatre will we patronize?

That shows whether we like hokum in pictures or not:

After all, Hokum is more like a cocoon that frees a fragile butterfly, the butterfly of illusion. Or it is like Pandora's box.

May its hinges never grow rusty.



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June Issue Out May 1		June Issue Out May 1
	<h3>The Girl Who Failed</h3> <p>SHE was young, pretty as a blush rose, and ambitious. In her comfortable home in a Middle Western village, she dreamed rosy dreams of fame and fortune as a film star. So she hoarded her allowance until she had a tiny savings fund—and ran away from her comfortable, homely community to the land of Make-Believe, Hollywood.</p> <p>But the road to fame in the film colony was rough and stony, too rough for girlish feet. And so she failed. Why?</p> <p>Read her experiences in <i>SCREENLAND</i> for June. You can buy it May first.</p> <p>NOTE: If you yourself have ever been in Hollywood, have tried in vain to scale the steep, forbidding walls to success in pictures, write your experiences and send them in. The Editors of <i>SCREENLAND</i> will pay space rates for the true stories of girls who have fought for success in the movies, and failed.</p>	
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Is Pauline Frederick Pursued by a "Love Jinx?"

(Continued from page 30)

the girl who had forgotten him, Dr. Rutherford journeyed to Hollywood, met Pauline again, renewed his courtship and married her before the startled world could catch its breath.

Was it love re-born? Or pique at Mack's marriage? Or the "love jinx" on its inexorable trail?

Surely, the world hoped, the charming and experienced Polly would find happiness this time! That she fully expected it is shown by the following interview published shortly after the wedding:

"I do not think marriage and a career are incompatible. Dr. Rutherford will continue the practice of medicine and I will continue my profession. I love making pictures and do not contemplate any change soon. If I ever do change, it will be back to the legitimate stage, but the thought of the shut-in life of cities, stuffy hotels and dusty rehearsals is not alluring."

Back to the Footlights

AFTER a few weeks, Pauline broke her marvellous contracts—gossip reports because Robertson-Cole tried to lower her salary—and went back to the legitimate stage and the "shut-in life of the cities."

Dr. Rutherford went back to Seattle without his beautiful bride?

What is the answer?

That she expected happiness with the lover of her childhood is certain. In explaining her sudden marriage to her friends, she declared: "Someone had the nerve to ask me the other day why I married a bald-headed man. I told them he wasn't bald-headed twenty years ago, and I'd loved him all that time."

"Our marriage is really the culmination of a boy and girl affair, which Dr. Rutherford said began when he first saw me as a six-months old babe. He is my second cousin, you know. I can't remember quite that far back, but I do remember that he was the hero of my childhood. His brothers, my cousins, were torments who made my life miserable, but Charles always fought for me and shielded me from their pranks."

"He was so fine and wonderful

that I think I have loved him all my life. I have had much unhappiness. The lean years of loneliness, strife and want have been long, but with the coming of a great happiness like this, all the unhappy past has been wiped out like a bad dream that one awakes from and forgets!"

Hollywood shakes its wise bobbed head and wonders. Some cynics say that Dr. Rutherford married Pauline Frederick so that he could retire and take life easy. Others think that Pauline married so that she could eventually retire.

The years are piling up on Polly—very gracefully, we must admit—but she has worked steadily for years. The man she says she has loved all of her life is gone from her. The pendulum swings again toward the divorce courts. And on top of all this, her father disinherits her.

What is the matter with pretty Polly?

In *Joseph and His Brethren* there was a line referring to Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, the part played so realistically by Miss Frederick:

"Many men have loved her and evil has overtaken them all. I know one who died."

Will Dr. Rutherford be exempt from the ill that has befallen the men who have loved Pauline Frederick?

Stars for a Day

(Continued from page 55)

her when someone with good judgment picks out a story for her to be starred in.

A little anecdote, told before, illustrates the point beautifully: A man stepped up to Allan Dwan to congratulate him on his direction of 'Robin Hood'. Dwan looked at him closely and said, puzzled, "I know your face, but I can't seem to place you."

The man said, "I am Francis X. Bushman."

Just then Rodolph Valentino hove into sight and a great cheer went up from the theater crowd. Bushman's face clouded, then he smiled gallantly, "The king is dead. Long live the king."

Motion Picture Cannery

(Continued from page 61)

Gouverneur Morris has one kind word for the films, however. "Out of the mess there has emerged Charles Chaplin, the greatest creative genius since Kipling. And that makes up for a lot," says Morris.

Edward White Takes Up Cudgels

"KYNE is dead right," declared Edward White, noted writer of San Francisco.

"Artistic pictures have been the exception rather than the rule. As artists, the producers are good business men."

"Sour Grapes"

"THE usual howl of those who fail to adapt themselves," was the terse comment made by B. P. Schulberg, head of the Schulberg studio. "It is the cry we always expect when a man can go no further."

"Kyne says that our plays are hokum. He shouldn't throw stones. How many books of those published each year live? How many classics does his craft produce each year?"

"I am sorry to see Mr. Kyne turn against us, but I believe that the cameras will continue to grind," remarked Reginald Barker, who, by the way, has rejected several of Kyne's stories.

"As a writer of fiction, his stories are splendid. But as for a screen writer, his work will not do."

"Peter B. Kyne's denunciation of hokum has greatly alarmed me," declares Hugo Ballin, Goldwyn director.

"If Mr. Kyne is through with hokum for ever and ever, one of my principal sources of enjoyment will be removed, to wit—reading Mr. Kyne's charming hokum in the Saturday Evening Post.

"Hang it all! One expects to be attacked by such ribald dwellers on Olympus as Theodore Dresier and Gordon Craig. But it is distressing when a fellow who comes out as an evangel of 'good, clean wholesome stories' belabors us with whips. To think that Peter, plain as an old shoe, a right-thinker who has always written stuff that appealed to folks who love hokum and believe that kind hearts are more than coronets, should have so arranged his brothers-in-hokum! It brings tears to my eyes."

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON



I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B——, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile." "Oh, yes, yes, said Miss B——, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched. I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B——'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "FRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently (diseased cases excepted). Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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Picture of the Month

(Continued from page 79)

new heir is expected, she begins an intrigue with Raboudi, an Egyptian prince. The ending of a tragic career is superbly painted.

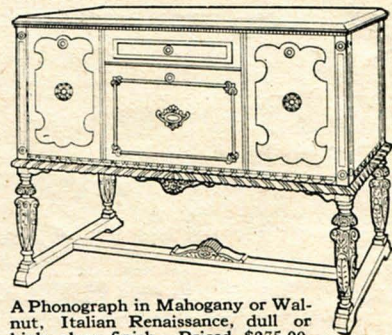
LOIS WILSON, as the fiancée, is sweet and appealing, but La Negri so dominates the picture that one scarcely knows that Miss Wilson is present. Adolph Menjou was excellent as the jealous first husband.

The whole cast could scarcely be better, with the one exception of Conway Tearle. With only kindness in our heart, we must admit that Tearle looks more like an end man in an Elks' minstrel show than like an Egyptian prince. This was the role that Valentino was to have had, before his break with Lasky.

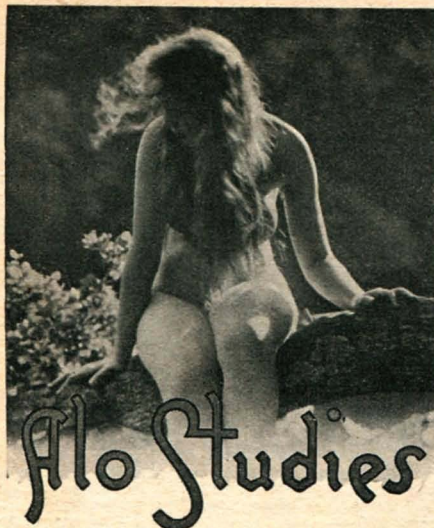


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Mashers of Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

tries to, in the theatre. He doesn't do this outside, because then he might have to buy the girl's ticket. So he buys one ticket and then sits down beside the most attractive looking woman in sight. This chap runs a good risk of being thrown out of the theatre and forever forbidden to come back, if the girl puts in an immediate complaint. Most women would rather move than risk a scene, however, so this nuisance usually never gets his just deserts.

Are the Film Romances to Blame

IT IS A question whether the strong-arm romances on the screen, where the cave-man hero swings his lady across his saddle-bow, is responsible for much of the flirting.

On the screen, when the hero spots the heroine, he always speedily gets acquainted, whether there is a chaperone handy or not. And it seems perfectly innocent. The motion pictures mould our standards so effectually these days, that perhaps our reactions carry over into our actions.

If Rodolph Valentino ever drove his car up to the curb and waited for his spotlight to attract the moths—not that he ever would, for he is a retiring soul who avoids rather than encourages the sex—how many perfectly nice girls could resist temptation? Even the most moral one, perhaps even a school-teacher, would succumb. The purest heroines do it on the screen and never, never come to harm. Why not in real life?

Perhaps that is what the girlies say as they accept the pleasant gentleman's invitation to go for a nice, cool ride in the country. And even if something *should* go wrong, won't there be a rescuing hero along just in the nick of time? There always is, in the movies.

Blame the Movies

So—PERHAPS—the movies are the cause of all this flirtation, after all. We can't think of anyone else to blame it on, except nature and original sin. So we'll just blame it on the movies.

They're used to it.

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Republic Trading Co.

25 West Broadway Dept. 32. New York

Hot from Hollywood

(Continued from page 70)

Extra girls whose pocket-books are not as robust as their appetites lunch chastely on ice-cream and devil's food cake with custard.

Gaston Glass was once asked by an interviewer what he liked best to eat. Considering it a rather footless question when he wanted to talk about his art, he said jokingly, "Oh, I'm a fool about Irish potatoes." And darned if the interviewer didn't make that statement the leading fact in her story, Gaston relates ruefully. For months clippings came in reminding the world that Gaston Glass was a fool about Irish potatoes.

Truly's *piece de resistance* is a chafing-dish concoction of chicken in a sour cream gravy, always prepared by Truly's own hands.

Wanda Hawley Leaves Us

WANDA HAWLEY petite blonde,

who appeared in so many Paramount pictures, has finished her contract and has deserted America temporarily for Egypt. Wanda, with her manager, J. S. Wilkinson, is in Cairo, filming Conan Doyle's *Fires of Fate*. Wanda's husband, Burton Hawley, has threatened cross-suit for divorce in answer to Wanda's charges of cruelty and non-support.

Doesn't Need to Reduce

Most of Hollywood's actresses live with one anxious eye on the scales, but Blanche Sweet is one player who isn't afraid of getting fat. She wants to. Blanche has just returned from a vacation on a dairy farm, where she gained fifteen pounds. Blanche will be sweeter than ever as *Tess* in husband Marshall Neilan's production, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Is Pola Negri Charlie Chaplin's Mental Wife?

(Continued from page 21)

A Mating of Artists

BUT humble beginnings or high origin mean less than nothing in Hollywood, where princes of royal blood work as extras for seven-fifty a day, and where barkeepers and chambermaids become stars. Beauty and brains and genius are the only aristocracy in Hollywood. And in the prospective mating of Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood sees only a mating of royalty. There is no question of which is the superior—comedy or tragedy. Each is a supreme artist in the chosen line; what more fitting than that they should marry?

No, Hollywood is not concerned over the fitness of the mating. It is only concerned first, over whether Charlie and Pola will really marry, and if so, whether two people of such opposite temperament can hope to live in harmony. The betting on both questions is about even. There are those who swear that Charlie will never marry again; that he will back out even at the altar, for he has a deeply ingrained prejudice against the married state of being. Others say that Pola is so clever that she will always get whatever she wants out of life, and that now she wants Chaplin. There

is no question in anyone's mind as to whether Chaplin is in love. He is mad about Pola Negri. He admits it; he shows it in every way; he can't conceal it. On the other hand, it is generally believed that Pola wanted to announce the engagement long before Chaplin would permit her to. It is even said that Negri announced the engagement to newspaper reporters gathered round her and Chaplin at Del Monte, and then turned to Charlie for confirmation, before Chaplin had ever consented that the engagement be announced. That, however, is hardly likely. Chaplin is too strong-minded a man to be roped into a situation like that. From his manner reporters had been absolutely sure that the engagement would be announced almost any day. Oh, yes, Chaplin is wildly in love with Pola Negri, and Negri is said to be as much enamored of Chaplin as he is of her.

The only question is—Is Pola Negri Chaplin's ideal? Will an ideal marriage for each result? Can two such strong wills and decided temperaments work out an amicable and tolerant basis for daily living?

Quien sabe?

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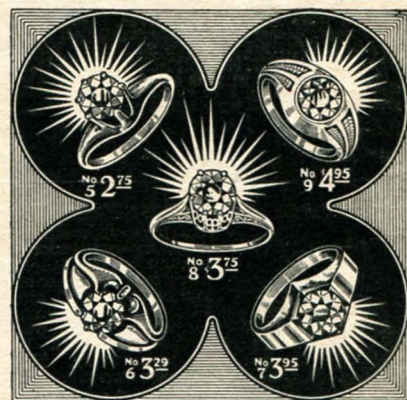
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The Value of a Kiss

(Continued from page 48)

Ralph Graves, Idealist

RALPH GRAVES has been aptly named the Sir Galahad of the screen. His screen kisses are extremely chaste. He always takes a long, long while to make up his mind to salute his lady—and then he usually plants the kiss upon her forehead.

Will Rogers the Unkissed

WILL ROGERS is the directors' depair. He just simply won't be kissed! And when you think of all the luscious leading ladies he has had, you have to marvel at the heresy.

Will's idea of a real snappy ending is to have the camera fade-out on the hero and the girl going hand in hand down a shady lane. He wouldn't speak to Sylvia Breamer for a whole month once, because she sneaked up and kissed him on a bet, to the glee of the whole company.

Will is going to have Marie Mosquini for his new leading lady in the comedies he is to make for Hal Roach, and if he doesn't take the goods the gods provide—he deserves to go kissless to his grave!

Not Solely a Male Gift

BUT a talent for love-making is not confined to the male sex alone. Whether or not George Bernard Shaw is correct in declaring that woman is the pursuer, it is certainly true that some women are gifted by nature to do a lot of pursuing.

Chief of all the alluring kissers of the screen is Pola Negri. Pola the incomparable! Hers are the kisses of the woman who must be loved. Passionate, fiery, alluring, she melts the reserves of the coldest of mortals.

Viola Dana's Kisses

EXACTLY opposite in type from Pola Negri, but as potent in her way, is Viola Dana. Just as big as a minute, Viola is the cuddly, little baby-vamp who is even more dangerous to men than the stately beauty. She has personality to burn, and her saucy little wiles are invariably successful.

Viola's kisses are usually accompanied by coquettish little backward kicks. She is one actress who

does not close her eyes when she is kissed. Her eyelashes are too gorgeous a frame for her sparkling eyes.

Mary is Sparing of Kisses

MARY PICKFORD knows the value of kisses so well—and their dangers, too—that she is very sparing of them. In most of her pictures she goes unkissed. The love affairs are by illusion only.

In *Tess of the Storm Country*, however, she broke this rule. To Lloyd Hughes she permitted several love scenes. Probably she allowed Hughes to kiss her, because Hughes himself is the clean, wholesome, boyish type that he is. The ardor of his kisses would not leave an unpleasant memory in the minds of the audiences, to whom Mary is a goddess on a pedestal.

So that's the way it goes. A kiss can make or break an actor. If it hadn't been for his kiss, the Prince in the Sleeping Beauty tale would have continued to play "atmosphere." The great lover is the one who gets the close-ups.

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More than 90,000 people have learned to become perfect dancers by mail and there is no reason why 90,000 more cannot learn just as easily. In fact, about five thousand people a month are becoming

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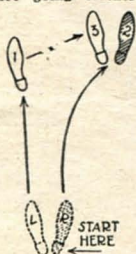


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FIRST PART

Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left. That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the foot-prints. Master this part before going further.



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Watch for this picture, and watch for the First National trademark on the screen at your theatre, the sign of the best in pictures.



Those Movie Symbols!

(Continued from page 50)

come home for Thanksgiving dinner, to gladden his mother's heart.

The moment a tin Lizzie appears on the scene, you laugh uproariously. You know that things are going to be good, in a minute. Maybe you had thought this was going to be a serious drama up to now, but now you know. It's a comedy, because there's a Ford in the picture.

Presently the Ford is going to balk. The comedian is going to get out and crank it. It is going to start running off all by itself. Then the comedian will push it back indignantly, and then the Ford will fall to pieces, like the one hoss shay, and leave the comedian flat on his tummy, waving his arms.

But you never saw a Ford, even one that stayed whole and responded to kind treatment, in a serious or a sentimental picture. And in a "stupendous production"—why, even a Ford in the far distance could never be tolerated.

Temperament or Temper

(Continued from page 74)

"And to think," he mourns, "I could have made a picture with some nice wild lions instead!"

The children's mamas make oodles of trouble for the director. Marshall Neiland employed a bunch of kids for *Penrod*. During the filming of the picture he groaned. "The kids I can stand, but oh, the mamas."

Such a babbling, argumentative time, with each mama protesting that her Johnny wasn't getting enough closeups, etc.!

Julie Cruze had Temperament

LITTLE JULIE CRUZE is a real trouser now, but when she was about six, she held up a company all day because she didn't want to work. Just like Pola Negri! No, she didn't have a pain or anything, she just didn't feel like working that day.

Who Would Be a Director?

So you can see that a director's life, what with temperamental actors, buttinsky mamas and mischievous movie youngsters, is scarcely a peaceful one. Is it any wonder that they sometimes change their address to a padded cell?

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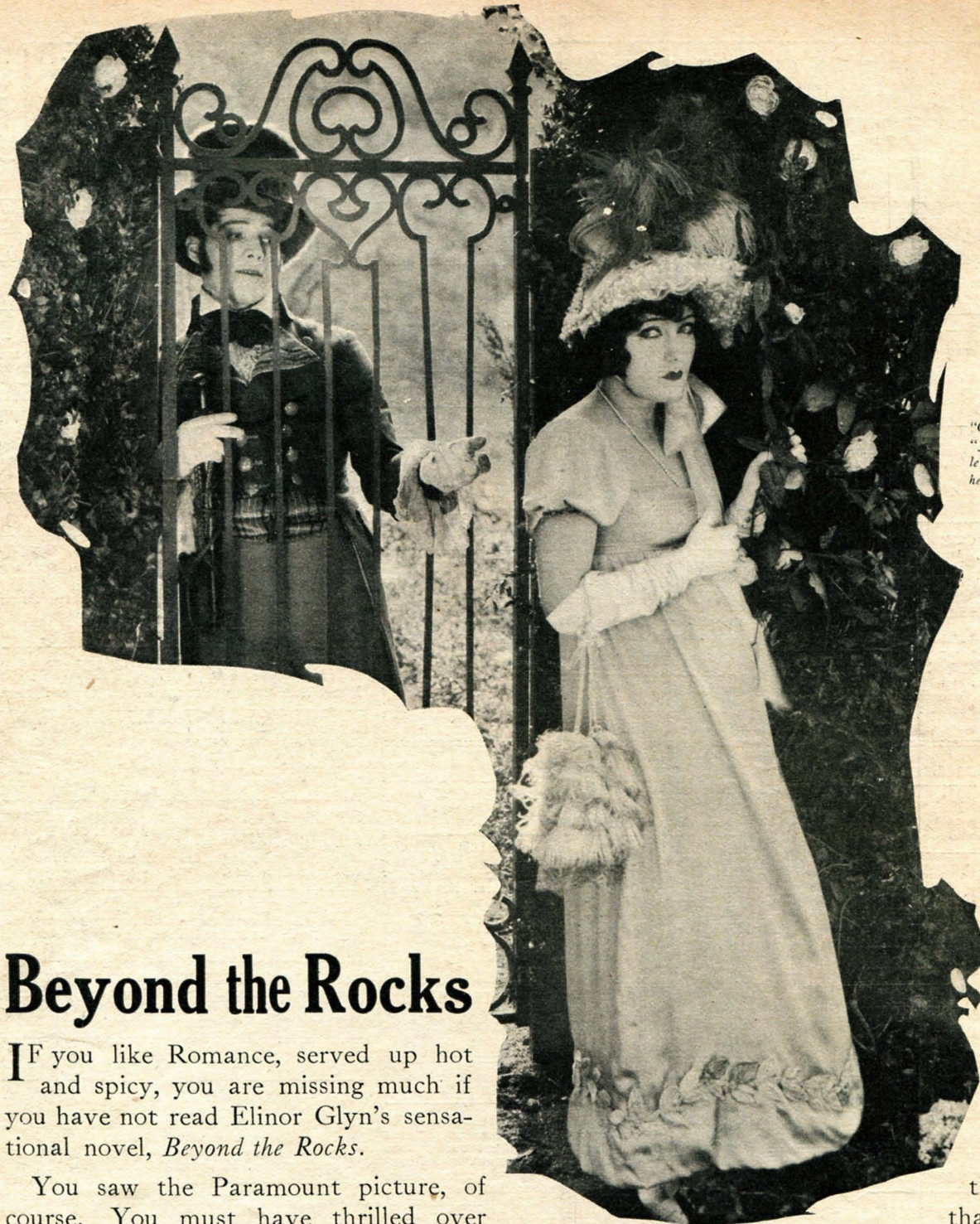
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